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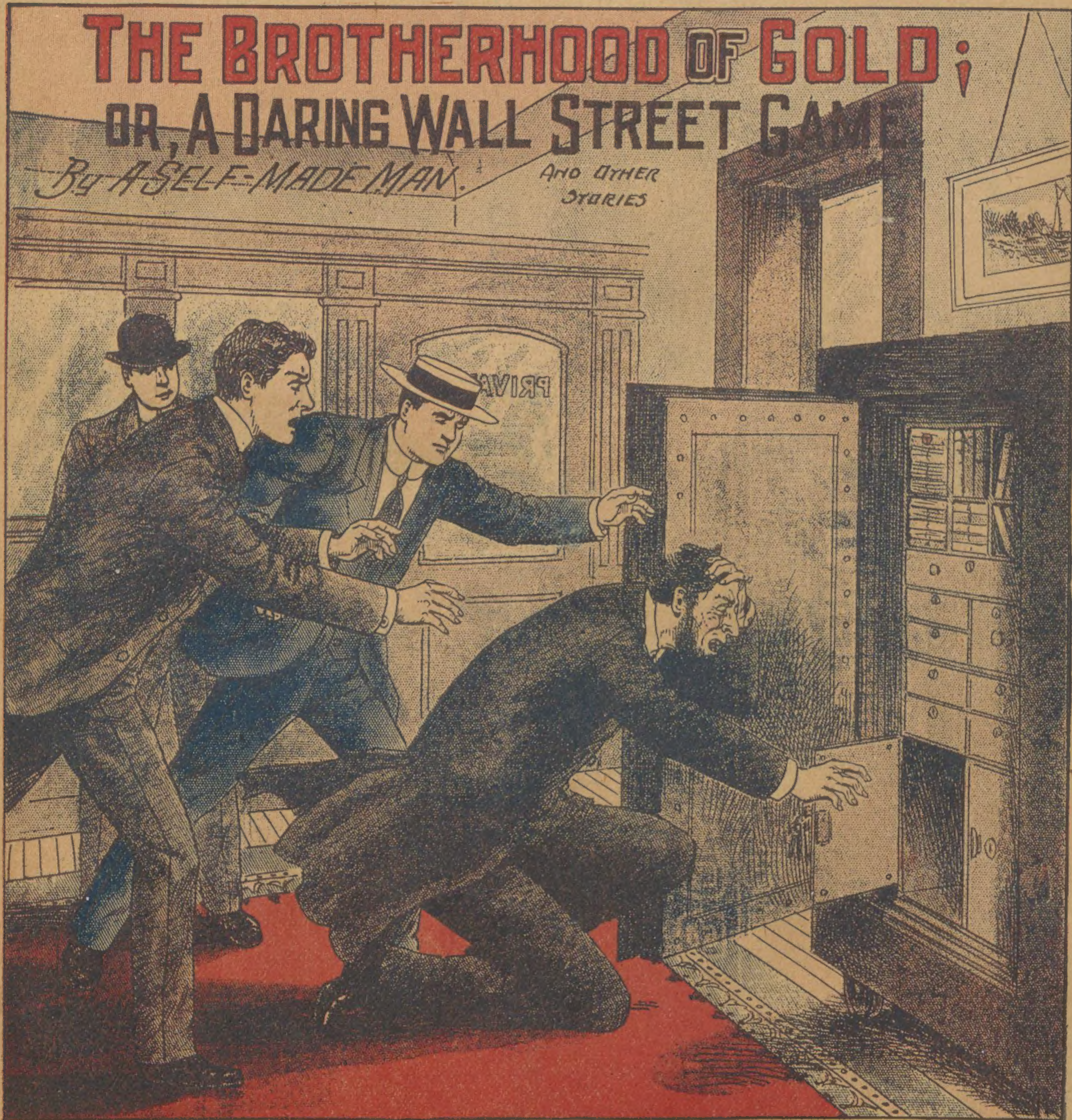
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF GOLD;
OR, A DARING WALL STREET GAME

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER
STORIES



At the sight of the open safe the old man uttered a cry that startled Dick and his friends, Jud and Joe. He rushed forward and threw himself on his knees before the safe. "I'm ruined!" he cried, frantically.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1919.

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF GOLD

—OR—

A DARING WALL STREET GAME

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE FIND.

"That's a fine looking yacht yonder," said Dick Duncan to his friend Joe White. "I wonder who's the owner? She's been lying there at anchor all week."

"She's all to the good. I hope I'll be wealthy enough some day to own one like her," replied Joe.

"When that time comes, if it ever does, your taste may run to something else."

"I wouldn't be surprised—a fast auto, or something of that kind," laughed Joe. "As my whole capital at this moment amounts to a dollar and seventeen cents, and I'm only a broker's messenger, it is likely to be a long time before I'll be financially able to sign my check for a sloop yacht like yonder beauty."

The two boys were seated in a sailboat, near the entrance to Manhasset Bay fishing.

They were both Wall Street messengers, winding up a week's vacation at the end of August.

Dick Duncan was employed by an eccentric old trader named John Overy, who, though he gave no outward evidence of unusual prosperity, was reputed to be so wealthy that he was known in the street by the sobriquet of "Old Daddy Dollars."

Joe White worked for Knight & Co., brokers, in the same building.

The two boys were fast friends and "traveled" together.

Both lived in modest flats in Harlem, New York—Dick with his widowed mother and sister; Joe with his father, mother and several brothers.

"It's getting mighty rough, and looks squally to the windward," said Joe, after a pause, during which he hauled in a good-sized fish. "Don't you think we'd better haul up the anchor, hoist sail and return to the village?"

"As this is the last chance we'll have to fish down here, for to-morrow is Sunday, and we must start for New York by the evening train, I vote we stick it out a while longer. What if it is rough? We can stand it, and the fish are biting first rate. We ought to catch enough to feed the boarders for a couple of days."

"I'd like to take a couple of these beauties home," said Joe.

"So would I, but I'm afraid that's out of the question in this weather."

"You think they wouldn't keep?"

"They'd be rather stale, if not worse, like the chap who carried two flounders home from Jamaica Bay, spent the night in a saloon, and when he got home found he had three fish."

"How was that?" asked Joe, curiously.

"Why he had two flounders and one smelt. Catch on?"

"Say, that joke is so old it has whiskers on it. Look at

that cloud now. It is twice as big as it was a little while ago, and it seems to be full of wind."

"How do you know it's full of wind?"

"Because it's bearing down on us so fast. It takes wind to drive it, doesn't it?"

"Don't you worry about that cloud. Watch your line, you've got a bite."

Joe hauled in another fish, the largest he'd caught yet.

Then Dick hauled in its mate, and they measured them to see which was the larger, each claiming that his was the biggest.

"I tell you mine is the biggest," cried Joe. "Look there."

"Pooh! Mine is the fattest, that makes it bigger. It's the weight counts."

"I'll bet mine weighs as much as yours."

"We'll mark them and weigh them when we get ashore. How much do you want to bet on yours?"

"I'll go a quarter."

"All right. Slit yours open, and I'll do the same with mine, then we'll know them again," said Dick.

Joe performed the operation first and tossed his fish into the tub.

Then Dick sliced his up and down, when it occurred to him that both of the fish still looked alike.

"I'll open mine up and clean it, then it will look different from yours," he said.

"Good idea," replied Joe.

Dick proceeded to carry his plan out, and during the operation found a foreign substance in the stomach of his prize.

"Hello! What's this?" he cried.

Pulling it out he looked at it.

It proved to be a peculiar-looking ring—a black enameled band with a heavy setting of pure virgin gold.

"Well, here's a find for fair," cried Dick, after cleaning the ring.

Joe was astonished.

"That's the oddest ring I ever saw," he said. "How in thunder did it ever get inside of that fish?"

"Swallowed it, I suppose."

"Admitting that it did, where did the fish find it?"

"How should I know? I'm not a wizard."

"You're in great luck," said Joe, enviously. "You put me in mind of the story in the Arabian Nights of the fisherman who found a valuable ring in a fish, and made his fortune out of it."

"I'm not likely to make my fortune out of this. It's come to me in such a remarkable way that I wouldn't sell it for a mint," said Dick, regarding the ring with great satisfaction. "See, it fits my finger as if made for it."

"Finding that ring would be a first-rate item for the newspapers."

"And most people who read it would consider it a newspaper yarn."

"I'll bet they would. Such a thing is not likely to happen twice in a thousand years."

"Oh, I don't know. Fish have a tendency to swallow anything that comes their way, provided it's small enough to go down their gullet."

"I suppose you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" grinned Joe.

"Certainly. I understand that some whales' throats are large enough to swallow a fair-sized child or even a man. That story is one of the truest in the Bible."

"Somebody must have lost that ring," said Joe. "Probably one of the summer boarders in this neighborhood. Better keep the ring out of sight until you leave here or somebody might claim it."

"If they did, and could prove property, I'd return it, of course; but I'd hate to lose it under the circumstances."

"I wouldn't take any chances, though it's hardly likely anybody at our boarding-house lost it."

The sky had darkened up considerably since the boys caught the two fish, and the cloud Joe had called attention to had spread out to the very zenith.

There was evidently a storm coming up from the southeast, which was the direction in which the village lay.

The shore itself curved out into the Sound for several miles on either side of it, ending in a pair of rocky headlands that formed the mouth of the bay.

The yacht lay anchored midway between them, and somewhat out in the Sound.

The boys thought it was an odd anchorage, when the craft might have been moored in the bay.

Under present atmospheric conditions its anchorage was safer than if in the bay, supposing that its anchor happened to give way after the storm came up, for it had a wide expanse of the Sound in which to maneuver, if necessary.

Dick could no longer remain indifferent to the danger that menaced them if they remained where they were.

Accordingly they hauled up the anchor, set the mainsail and began to beat up the bay.

They had gone perhaps half a mile when the wind swooped down on them with a force they had not looked for.

"We'll never be able to make the village," said Joe, in a tone of concern.

"I guess you're right," admitted Dick. "We'll have to cut across and land wherever we can alongshore."

"That's mighty dangerous. In this blow we ought to keep close-hauled as near the wind's eye as possible. If we present too much broadside to the wind we are likely to capsize."

"That's right, too. We waited too long before making a start."

"That's your fault. I called your attention to that cloud when it was small. Now look at it, nearly all over the sky. If we're drowned the responsibility will rest with you."

"That won't be much consolation for you. You'll have to take it out of me in the next world."

The bay was now churned into a mass of whitecaps and foam, and if the boys had not been fairly expert young boatmen they would have been swamped in no time.

All might have gone well with them had the wind, strong as it had grown, remained steady.

Unfortunately, however, the wind suddenly veered around a couple of points and swept down on them with such force that the sailboat was capsized in a twinkling and both boys flung into the water.

They succeeded in getting hold of the boom, and clung on for dear life while the waves carried them back over the stretch they had traversed, and toward the tossing yacht near the entrance of the bay.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY OF THE YACHT.

A stout hawser held the sloop-yacht to her moorings, and against this the wreck of the sailboat was flung.

The shock shook Dick into the water, and the next thing he knew he was clinging to the taut cable, while Joe and the wreck were borne out into the Sound.

To add to their peril an unusual darkness had settled over the face of nature, occasioned by the dense black clouds that now covered the sky from horizon to zenith on all sides.

Dick clung to the hawser in a pretty desperate frame of

mind, for it looked as if his span of life was a very narrow one.

After much trouble he drew himself up out of the reach of the waves, and for a while hung onto the oscillating cable.

"I won't last much longer here," he thought. "I must try and reach the yacht or perish."

So he began to climb upward till he got within a yard of the hawse-hole through which the cable shot out into the boiling water.

To go any nearer was to invite destruction when the vessel pitched.

Nor could he cling very long to his higher perch.

His fate appeared to be sealed unless he could attract attention to his situation.

He shouted as loud as he could, and the wind carried his voice across the deck of the yacht.

He shouted several times and then he was heard, and the person who heard him was a woman who was standing at the top of the cabin stairs, gazing out on the waterscape, and the shore in the near distance.

Physically speaking she was as fine a looking lady as one would wish to see; but the somberness of her attire, the wild glance of her eye, and her somewhat disheveled appearance, proclaimed that there was something wrong about her.

The boy's cry attracted her attention.

"Ha! What was that?" she exclaimed. "A cry of distress. Some poor unfortunate, whose boat has been upset, is struggling in the boiling waters. There it is again, and in the same place, close to our bows. 'Tis no mortal voice, but the spirit of a poor drowned wretch repeating the last cry he uttered before he was ushered into eternity. Again I hear it. Oh, heaven, why torture my ears with this signal of distress? Am I not miserable enough in this floating prison?"

"Help! Help! Oh, help!" shouted Dick at the top of his lungs.

"Ha! Perhaps this is no spirit, but some one clinging to a rope, and trying to make his way aboard this yacht. Gracious heaven! Better that he perish in the sea than venture here where his presence would invite destruction on his head," whispered the woman to herself.

At that moment a rope, blown from its fastening, struck Dick across the shoulder, and he seized it as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

Pulling on it and finding that it was secured aboard the yacht, he swung himself clear of the cable, hung dangling over the boiling waves for a moment, and then scrambled over the bows of the vessel.

The forward part of the yacht appeared to be deserted.

Her jibs and big mainsail were tied snugly down, and everything quite shipshape aboard of her.

The wind howled through her rigging, and she rolled and courtesied to the waves like a thing of life.

Dick lay quite exhausted on the top of the forecabin for several minutes.

Then he recovered himself and sat up.

"Poor Joe, I'm afraid it's all up with him," thought the young messenger. "He was carried off with the wreck of the sailboat into the Sound. If he managed to hold on he may yet be saved, for the boom and boat itself can't sink. As for myself I'm mighty lucky to get aboard this craft. I'm all right now, and the people will doubtless put me ashore after the gale blows itself out."

Dick got up and started aft to find somebody to introduce himself to, and explain how he got aboard the yacht.

The vessel was as large as a small schooner, and seemed to be fitted up with every accommodation.

The sliding door into the forecabin was partly open.

Dick looked in and saw a lamp swinging from the center of the ceiling.

It was lighted and turned low, but he didn't see anybody down there.

He continued on his way aft to a door he supposed led into the cabin.

It was shut and he took the liberty of opening it and walking in.

He found himself in a short passage, like that he had seen in larger vessels.

There was a closed door on either side of it, and another at the end.

He went to the end door, opened it and stepped into the cabin, an elegantly fitted up room, with many doors leading off it.

There wasn't a soul in the place.

The gloom of the stormy afternoon was dispelled by the light of a handsome brass lamp swinging above the table under the skylight.

"I wonder where the people are?" he asked himself.

He walked forward to a flight of brass-bound stairs at the extreme aft.

Looking up he saw the woman to whom we have referred standing at the top holding on by a brass rail.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he began.

She turned quickly and glanced down.

He saw she was attired in a black gown of rich material, cut low at the neck, with short sleeves that exposed shapely white arms.

Her long black hair was loose and waved in the wind, framing in a face as beautiful as the boy had ever looked upon, but withal so white and wild looking that Dick came to the conclusion that the motion of the yacht had made her ill.

"Is that you, Pierre?" she asked, in a hollow kind of voice.

"No, ma'am. I'm a stranger. I've just come aboard. The sailboat I was in capsized, and I barely escaped with my life," replied Dick.

The woman uttered a strange cry, turned around and rushed down toward him.

"Ha! I was not mistaken, then. My ears did not deceive me. The despairing cry I heard through the shriek of the wind was yours."

She seized the boy by the wrist and peered into his face with a look so odd and wild that Dick was for a moment a bit disconcerted.

"Yes, ma'am, I guess so," he answered. "I cried out several times for help while perched on the cable forward."

"Hush, miserable youth, or you are lost," she said, with a kind of frantic impetuosity. "Plunge again into the deep waters rather than seek an asylum here. The waves, raging furiously, are less merciless than the men who are aboard this yacht."

Dick looked at her in astonishment.

"What do you mean, madam?"

"Mean!" She uttered a sibilant, unearthly laugh that chilled Dick's blood. "You are young and prepossessing. Doubtless you have hearts akin to your own in affection. You have friends, parents, whom you love, and who love you tenderly. Ah! if you would ever behold them again, summon your strength and quit this vessel."

There was a pathetic earnestness in her tones that staggered the boy, but he did not take any stock in her words.

"She's crazy," he thought. "As crazy as a March hare. I can see that in her eyes. They blaze with an unearthly wildness. Who can she be, and what is she doing in her condition aboard this yacht?"

"Go—go!" she cried, seeking to drag him up the stairs.

Naturally he resisted.

"Hold on, ma'am. It were death for me to go overboard again. Where are the men who belong to this yacht?"

"The men! Rather call them scoundrels. Fly, oh fly before they see you."

"Impossible. It is half a mile to the nearest shore, and even if I had a boat I wouldn't risk it for I'm played out."

"Alas, alas! Poor, hapless boy, you are forever lost."

"Madam, you seem to take a great interest in me," said Dick, trying to soothe her excited feelings.

"You are nothing to me, and yet I cannot see you murdered."

"Murdered!" cried Dick, not at all alarmed. "Who would murder me?"

"Have I not said that the people of this vessel are scoundrels—men whose only thought is to accumulate gold—gold, do you understand?"

"I understand what you say; but the owner of so handsome a yacht, and the persons he surrounds himself with, can hardly be scoundrels, ma'am. Why, they say on shore that this vessel is the property of a gentleman who's at the head of a big Wall Street syndicate. His office is in one of the skyscrapers, and he's as well known and respectable as any man in the Street."

The woman uttered another sibilant laugh.

"A wolf in sheep's clothing. A gentleman to outward appearance, but a villain to the core. Do I not know him? Have I not been his dupe? Am I not his prisoner and slave at this moment? Boy, boy, why will you not listen to me? You have a good honest face. It appeals to me. I cannot bear to see harm overtake you. If you value your life leave—leave this vessel at once."

"And perish in the waters of the Sound? Madam, I cannot understand the meaning of your warning. You appear to wish me well, but you have a strange way of showing it. I do value my life as much as anybody, and for that reason I'm not such a fool as to throw it away in a fruitless attempt to reach the shore by swimming. The best swimmer who ever drew breath couldn't do it except through a miracle. So, madam, I will take the liberty of staying aboard. If you will call the owner of the yacht, if he be aboard, or somebody else, I'll satisfy him that my presence here is necessary until the gale goes down."

"Foolish—foolish boy. The moment you are found aboard you are lost."

"That's something new," chuckled Dick to himself. "The moment I'm found I'm lost. This lady is certainly off her block very badly. I wonder if she's the unfortunate wife of the owner, who prefers to shelter her aboard his vessel to sending her to a sanitarium? I may have unintentionally stumbled on to his family skeleton, but I won't give it away, if he requests me to keep the matter secret. Why should I? Maybe this explains why the yacht is kept anchored outside the harbor."

"Will nothing convince you, stubborn boy, that you are in imminent peril here?" she asked, feverishly.

"It doesn't seem natural, ma'am. If these people are such scoundrels as you affirm, why do you remain with them?" asked Dick, soothingly.

"Have I not said I am a prisoner?"

"That's true, but you could manage to find means of communicating with some passing craft."

"No, no; that opportunity is denied me."

"Is it? Why are you free. What is to prevent you from running to the side of the vessel and calling for help?"

"I'm watched at all times. Not a move I make but is under surveillance."

"You don't appear to be watched at this moment."

"Because there is no boat near. Because this storm is as good a jailer as all the bolts and bars of a prison cell. Oh, heavens, how often have I prayed for death to end my wrongs in oblivion!"

Dick was now more than ever convinced of her insanity.

Apparently though she said she longed for death her mania was not of a suicidal order, for nothing would have been easier than for her to have leaped into the wind-swept Sound at that moment and ended her life in brief space.

"Well, ma'am—"

"Hear me, foolish, luckless youth! A moment only is left me ere you will be found here, and then your life will pay the forfeit of your stubbornness. Here, in this vessel's cabin, amid the roaring storm and the howling waters—hear me relate the story of my maddening woes. Hear it, and if you will not fly to save yourself, perhaps my misery will appeal to your manly nature and you will make an effort to escape that you may expose my wrongs, and perhaps save me. My name is—"

At that moment the door of a stateroom close by opened noiselessly and a tall, well-dressed gentleman of perhaps forty years of age, appeared in the opening.

If looks went for anything his wealth and social standing appeared beyond question.

He was handsome, with strong features, that carried the impression of a commanding will, but still there was a look in his eyes, and an expression about his mouth, that was not pleasant, or invited confidence.

"How now, Ethel," he said, with a peculiar cold inflection to his tones. "To whom are you talking?"

The woman gave a suppressed scream, and lowered back toward the stairs.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU ARE ONE OF US, I SEE."

The gentleman advanced into the cabin and fixed his piercing eye on Dick.

"Young man, how came you aboard?" he asked sharply.

"The boat in which I and a friend were fishing at the mouth of the bay was overtaken and upset by the storm. My companion, with the wreck of the boat, was blown out into the Sound. I was so fortunate as to catch hold of the hawser of this yacht where I hung for a while and then managed to make my way to the deck. I came into this cabin looking for

some one to report my presence to. If you will, under the circumstances, favor me with your hospitality until——"

"You shall have it, young man," replied the gentleman, whom Dick took to be the owner of the yacht.

"No, no, no!" cried the woman, feverishly.

"Ethel," said the gentleman, in a tone that silenced her, though her face worked convulsively, and her arms were half raised in a beseeching way toward him. "Heed not this lady's strange words, my lad," he added, smoothly, turning to Dick again. "She is suffering with a mental affliction which necessitates her seclusion from society."

"Oh, villain, villain!" moaned the lady.

"She is my wife," went on the gentleman, without taking notice of her ejaculation. "I have brought her out on my yacht in the hope that the change and the sea air would help her. So far, I regret to say, there has been no change for the better in her."

Dick believed him, and looked at her sympathetically.

"Believe him not. He lies. I am not mad as he would make you believe. No, no, I am not mad, I tell you, though heaven knows how long reason will retain its seat. Mark that smile on his treacherous countenance. He would lull your suspicions to rest, while he considers how he will dispose of a troublesome witness of the secrets of this vessel. Oh, boy, boy, fly before he throws his net around you. See, the stairs are within your reach—the way to escape is yet open. Fly, fly. I will stand between you and him, and he shall reach you only over my dead body."

She pointed to the companion steps, urging him by her manner to leave the cabin at once.

Dick, however, made no move to avail himself of the invitation.

He glanced at the gentleman.

He stood on the other side of the table with a look of seeming pity on his finely-chiseled countenance.

His attitude toward the boy was one of courteous hospitality, why, therefore, should the boat-wrecked lad suspect that his intentions toward him were other than friendly.

The woman was evidently crazy.

Her words, manner and appearance all conspired to prove that.

"You see," said the gentleman, in even, gentlemanly tones, "it is the grief of my life that this terrible malady rests upon my poor wife. You will understand why I am trying to keep her secluded from the world as much as possible. For that reason we anchor in unusual spots. The less she sees of life the better."

"I understand, sir," replied Dick, respectfully. "As I suppose you desire her condition to remain a secret I promise, after you have put me ashore, not——"

The woman interrupted him with another of her sibilant laughs.

"Unfortunate boy, and do you think you will ever be put ashore now that you have learned of my presence here? You want hospitality—seek it then in the waves from which you have so recently escaped rather than here. He who dashes bravely down the foaming cataract may escape with life; but he who confides in the perjured assurances of a heartless villain——"

"Ethel, you forget yourself," said the gentleman, and Dick this time thought he detected a note of menace in his tone.

"Is that wonderful, when heaven seems to forget me?" she replied, flashing a half defiant glance at him.

The gentleman walked up to the table and pressed the top of a small silver-plated bell that stood in the center of it.

Presently the door of a far room opened and a middle-aged woman of a stern and immobile countenance came forth.

"Mrs. Wilks, will you take charge of your mistress?" said the yacht owner.

The woman glided across the cabin and gripped the unfortunate lady by the wrist.

"Come," she said, with the air of a jailer, "you should be in your stateroom in such weather as this."

The lady bowed her head submissively and followed her into one of the rooms off the cabin.

"Now, young man," said the gentleman, "will you introduce yourself. You belong in the village, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I live in New York."

"Indeed. Pray be seated on that lounge. You will find it easier than standing while the yacht pitches this way. What is your name?"

"Dick Duncan."

"My name is—George Conway. As you have doubtless concluded I am the owner of this yacht. I am cruising around

mainly on account of my wife. May I inquire what brought you to this vicinity?"

"I and my chum, Joe White, came down here to spend our week's vacation. We are due back at our offices Monday morning. Poor Joe is either drowned at this moment, or tossing about on the surface of the Sound in imminent peril of his life. It was mere luck that favored my escape. I am very thankful to be here instead of food for the fishes, but still I can't help worrying about the uncertain fate of my companion."

"He saw you come aboard here, I suppose?"

"No. He must have known that I parted from the boom, but it is doubtful if he saw me catch on to the cable of this yacht. If he is still alive he has probably given me up as lost."

The gentleman nodded.

"Pardon me for overlooking your drenched condition. My wife's paroxysm quite upset me. Come, let me lead you into one of the staterooms where you will be supplied with dry clothing."

He rang the bell three times.

A small, dark-featured man, with a rather sinister look, appeared at the door at the end of the cabin.

"Pierre, this young man has sought shelter aboard the vessel after being upset in the gale. Bring some suitable garments for his temporary use. He will be in stateroom D."

"Oui monsieur," replied Pierre, who occupied the position of steward on board the yacht, favoring Dick with a searching and peculiar look.

Then he disappeared as quietly as he had appeared.

"This way, Duncan," said the gentleman, courteously.

Dick followed him into a splendidly fitted-up stateroom.

"You will find everything here that you require to make yourself presentable," said the gentleman. "Pierre will bring you a complete change presently. Avail yourself of them while your own clothes are being dried at the galley fire."

Thus speaking Mr. Conway left the room, and Dick began to slowly disrobe.

He could not help thinking about the poor mad woman.

Apparently her mind was afflicted with the strangest kind of a mania—that of associating her husband and his friends with deeds of rascality.

"It must be pretty hard on Mr. Conway," thought the boy. "I don't wonder that he finds it necessary to seclude her as much as possible. She's a fine looking woman—stately and handsome. I feel dead sorry for her, and for her husband, too."

After partially undressing he looked around the stateroom, admiring the white and gilt woodwork, the pictured panels, and the many conveniences for comfort afloat that the place afforded.

"I'd like to take a long cruise in this craft. I'd have the time of my life. But I'd want to have Joe with me. Poor Joe! Is he still alive? I hope he has managed to hold on, then he stands a chance of being carried ashore on the coast of Connecticut. He's a plucky chap, that's one satisfaction. If anybody could escape under the circumstances I'll gamble on it he will."

At that juncture the door opened and Pierre walked in with his arms full of clothes.

"Here you are, monsieur. Leave your wet clothes on ze floor. I vill take zem away later."

"All right," replied Dick.

"How came you in ze wataire? Your boat upset in ze gale, oui?"

"That's right."

"You luckee zat you escape wiz your life. Monsieur le capitaine has promise zat he put you ashore, oui?"

"That is understood, when the gale is over."

"Ah, eet ees understood, zen——"

He paused abruptly as his eyes rested on the ring Dick had found in the belly of the fish.

"Oui, oui; Je comprehend. You are one of us, I see," he said, with a great change in his manner.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE YACHT.

Dick looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?" he said, quickly.

The Frenchman winked in a luminous way.

"You are from Wall Street."

"I am. How do you know?"

The steward winked again.

"You are ze messengaire confidential. You come from the citee wiz somesing of importance from—zat ees no mattaire to me—to le capitaine. Am I not ze good guess? I can see ze hole when ze stone ees around eet. You come in ze pantry by and by and I vill treat you ze whisky cockatailer, or ze what you call highball."

With a self-complacent smile Pierre bobbed his head and left the room, leaving Dick not a little astonished.

"Well, upon my word, that chap has become extraordinarily friendly all at once," the boy mused. "What did he mean by saying 'You are one of us'? Who did he mean by us? He's a pretty shrewd guesser to hit on the fact that I came from Wall Street. He must be familiar with the financial district, and can tell a messenger when he sees one. Ah, now I understand. Mr. Conway does business in Wall Street, for I heard that the owner of this yacht was connected with some syndicate operating there. The Frenchman sized me up as a messenger. In his opinion everybody connected with Wall Street are joined together in a business sense. Being a part of this yacht owned by a Wall Street man he considers himself also identified with the Street. That's why he said you are one of us. Us stands for Wall Street."

Having accounted for the steward's phrase and sudden friendliness to his satisfaction, Dick finished dressing, washed his face, brushed his hair, and then opened the door and walked out into the cabin.

Mr. Conway was pacing up and down the floor with knitted brow, as if evolving some problem in his brain.

He came to a stop on seeing Dick.

"I hope you are feeling more comfortable, young man," he said.

"Very much more so, thank you. I sha'n't forget your kindness, sir."

"Don't mention it. Sit down. May I inquire what business you are in?"

"Certainly. I'm a Wall Street messenger."

The gentleman gave a slight start.

"Indeed. By whom are you employed?"

"John Overy, broker, in the Franklin building."

Mr. Conway uttered a slight ejaculation.

"A very wealthy broker, I believe?" he said, with a keen look at the boy.

"So they say, but you wouldn't think it to look at him."

"He has the reputation of having a large bank account. A pretty shrewd old man, isn't he?"

"I imagine he is."

"How long have you been with him?"

"About a year. I formerly worked for Hooker & Carleton, on Exchange Place. The firm went up the spout owing, it was said at the time, to some double-dealing on the part of Hooker. Soon after I went to work for Mr. Overy I met Hooker on the street and he offered me inducements to return to him, but I didn't think it quite right to leave my new job so I turned his offer down."

At that moment Dick happened to look at Mr. Conway's little finger and he almost gasped.

Upon it was a ring the facsimile of the one he found in the fish.

On the spur of the moment he hastily pulled his own ring off and shoved it into his pocket.

By this time night had fallen, and it seemed to Dick that the storm was not as heavy as it was.

The Frenchman came in, got the boys' clothes from the stateroom and passed out again, but not without observing that the owner of the yacht and Dick appeared to be on a friendly footing.

Mr. Conway asked Dick a great many questions about his employer.

The boy thought he was unusually inquisitive, and deemed it his duty to be cautious in his replies.

He had been long enough in the Street to know that all Wall Street men liked to learn, if they could, the business secrets of their associates.

It was common report in the Street that John Overy, though often importuned, would never go into any pool or syndicate deal.

In the course of their conversation Mr. Conway alluded to this, and Dick said he believed it was true.

"Overy has a good many peculiarities, hasn't he?" asked Mr. Conway.

"I admit he has."

"They say he made the bulk of his fortune in the days when gold was at a premium and the chief article of speculation."

"I believe so."

"For that reason they say he has a particular fondness for gold to this day. That he keeps a considerable quantity of it in his office safe."

"He keeps some, I know. He always pays off in gold instead of in bills," said Dick.

Conway's eyes glittered.

"Did you ever hear him say that he had little confidence in the banks?"

Dick had heard his boss say so often, but he didn't think it prudent to admit that to the owner of the yacht, knowing him to be a Wall Street man.

"Doesn't he look upon modern high finance as the harbinger of a coming panic?" went on the yacht owner, in a soft, persuasive tone.

"He doesn't regard some of the big financial deals with a favorable eye, I should judge from what I've heard him say," admitted Dick.

"Just so. They say he's accumulating gold against a possible panic with the view of securing himself from having his funds tied up."

"He may be for all I know. He doesn't tell me his business."

While they were talking the steward came in and laid the table for supper.

Shortly afterward he announced that the meal was ready.

"This young man and I will eat first, then you may call Mrs. Wilks and—you understand," said the yacht owner.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the steward deferentially, hastening away to bring in the cooked food.

Mr. Conway invited Dick to the table, and the boy found an excellent meal before him, to which he did ample justice.

When they were through the yacht owner invited him on deck.

The storm had exhausted its strength by this time, but the wind still blew strong from the Long Island shore, and the Sound was very rough.

The night was dark and somber, and the entrance to the bay was lost in the gloom.

Three lights burned on the yacht—one fore, another aft, and the third at the top of the mast, in the form of a large triangle.

There were lights to be seen dimly along the Connecticut shore, and also the green and red lamps of an approaching steamer.

Dick looked over the side to try and see whether it was too rough for a boat to take him ashore.

Although he had not seen a sign of the crew, he supposed they were forward.

"How about putting me ashore, Mr. Conway? I don't ask to be carried clear to the village. If you will have me landed inside the eastern headland I can find my way to the village all right," said Dick.

"Not to-night, Duncan. It's too rough and too dark. You shall occupy the stateroom in which you changed your clothes, and in the morning my men will row you to the village," said the yacht owner.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Not at all. You are quite welcome to my hospitality," replied Mr. Conway in a genial tone.

They paced the deck for a while and when they went below the table had been cleared away.

"Seat yourself and make yourself at home. I have a little business to transact and will return shortly. Yonder are several of the current magazines. Help yourself."

Thus speaking Mr. Conway left the cabin by way of the forward passage.

Dick got one of the magazines and was glancing over it when the door of a room nearly opposite was cautiously opened and the head of the demented lady appeared.

Dick did not notice her at the moment.

After listening intently, the lady glided out of her room and made straight for the boy, who looked up and saw her.

She put her finger to her lips, stopped midway and listened again.

Then she hastily covered the rest of the space, forced a paper into Dick's hand, and retired to her room in some precipitation, closing the door after her.

Dick looked at the paper and this is what he read:

"Be on your guard—drink and you are lost—seem to sleep." That was all.

The writing was clear and distinct, the work of an educated hand, and hardly looked like the product of a diseased mind.

"That's a strange woman," thought Dick. "If I didn't know her husband was a Wall Street man, and have his assurance that she is demented, I would be inclined to suspect there was something like method in her madness, and that perhaps there was something significant in her odd conduct after all. She seems to imagine that I am in danger of my life. Just as if I was, here aboard a gentleman's yacht. Pshaw! Why bother myself with her ravings? She's out of her head, and to pay any attention to her warning is simply absurd."

Dick crushed the paper in his hand, and not wishing to litter the floor with the paper put it in his pocket.

In a short time Mr. Conway returned and suggested a game of whist to pass away the evening.

They played for an hour or more, talking on subjects quite foreign to Wall Street, when Pierre made his appearance and motioned to the yacht owner.

The gentleman laid down his cards, excused himself and joined the steward.

The Frenchman said something to him in a low tone.

Mr. Conway made no answer, but started for the door and disappeared into the passage, followed by the steward.

The moment Dick was alone the demented woman, who must have been on the watch, suddenly appeared at her door again, and after listening approached the table on the opposite side of which Dick sat, idly fingering his cards.

"You think me crazy, because the owner of this yacht has deluded you into that belief," she said, in a low, mournful tone. "He calls himself my husband, and you believe that falsehood, too. I am not his wife, but his victim—the victim of a secret organization called the Brotherhood of Gold, of which that man, who poses as a Wall Street operator, is the controlling power. Believe me or not, it is the fact. Several members of this organization are brokers, who in that guise are working for but one object—the accumulation of gold by any means, no matter how criminal. One of the members has just arrived, and the boat in which he came is floating alongside now. It is the purpose of the master of this vessel to offer you coffee before you retire for the night. That coffee will be drugged, and should you partake of it you will fall into a death-like sleep, and during the night you will be launched overboard to find death in the Sound. Take heed, then, that you drink it not. He will drink with you. Manage somehow to exchange the cups and then watch what effect it has on him. The evidence of the truthfulness of my words will then be conclusive. Your life will be saved, and together we will fly this vessel. Then I will be able to defeat the purposes of this villain and return to my home and my child, who is surely heart-broken over my mysterious disappearance. Hist! I hear him returning. Forget not my warning, for your own sake as well as mine."

In another moment she had vanished like a shadow into her room, while Dick stared after her, more astonished than ever.

CHAPTER V.

THE DRUGGED COFFEE.

Hardly had she disappeared before Mr. Conway re-entered the cabin.

"You are tired, doubtless, after your rough experience this afternoon, Duncan," he said, suavely, "so we will not continue our game. A cup of coffee will make you feel better, and in the morning you will be put ashore as I promised."

He tapped the bell and began to gather up the cards.

At the mention of coffee Dick gave a slight start.

Although the woman's words and earnest manner had this time greatly impressed him, owing to her quietness, and the absence of her previous dramatic intensity, he was hardly prepared to give much credence to her warning.

Now it struck him as strange that she should know that Mr. Conway intended to offer him coffee, and for the first time he had misgivings and a suspicion that after all things might not be quite right on board of the yacht.

Pierre entered the cabin with a tray on which were two cups of smoking hot coffee, a sugar bowl and a small jug of cream.

He placed it on the table in front of Mr. Conway.

Dick looked at the coffee and then at the yacht owner.

The gentleman looked suave as he passed one of the cups over to his young guest.

There wasn't the slightest sign of treachery about him.

"Pshaw! what motive could he have in my death?" thought Dick, the very idea apparently quite absurd. Then aloud he said: "Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"Not at all. I always treat my visitors to coffee before they retire for the night," replied the gentleman, with a friendly smile.

"So," thought the boy, "that accounts for the poor lady knowing that her husband would treat me to coffee. There is nothing in her warning at all."

Perfectly satisfied that everything was all right, he started to sip the beverage, when, happening to look up, he saw the lady looking out of her door and making frantic signs to him not to drink.

Dick was about to disregard her motions, when she uttered a low shriek that immediately attracted Mr. Conway's attention.

He turned around and discovered her presence.

"Ethel, return to your room," he said, sternly.

"No, no, no!" she cried, her gaze fixed on Dick, who put down the cup he was on the point of carrying to his lips.

"Ethel, do as I say," he added, with more emphasis than before, turning his back on the table and facing her.

Dick, suddenly thinking that there could be no harm in humoring the poor lady's wishes, made a quick exchange of the cups so that she could see what he did.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the lady, hysterically, returning to her room and shutting the door behind her.

Mr. Conway immediately turned the key on her and returned to the table.

"She is very bad to-night," he remarked. "The storm has evidently affected her for the worse. However, she will not disturb us again."

He picked up the cup of coffee, which he had originally handed to Dick, and drank it off in two swallows.

Dick followed suit, and he noticed that the Wall Street man's eyes were fixed on him as he did so.

The look in his eyes was glittering and steely, altogether different from his customary friendly glance.

It was almost tigerish in its intensity, and gave Dick quite a chill.

"I'm glad I changed the cups," he thought. "I am beginning to believe that there was something significant in the lady's warning."

Only for a moment did that look rest upon the boy's face, and then Mr. Conway seemed to recollect himself and smiled almost benignly upon his guest.

At that moment Pierre entered with Dick's clothes, dried and pressed, ready for him to put on.

He passed into stateroom D and left them there.

When he came out he looked hard at Dick as he made his exit from the cabin.

"You may retire when you feel disposed, Duncan," said the yacht owner.

"Thank you, I will do so in a few minutes," replied Dick, who was curious to see if the coffee would have any effect on his host.

Mr. Conway went to the pile of magazines, selected one and returned to the table.

Hardly had he opened it when he looked up, passed his hand across his eyes, and seemed ill at ease.

Dick watched him intently without appearing to do so.

Presently the gentleman turned abruptly, took up his coffee cup and looked into it.

Then it was that Dick noticed the ring on his little finger again.

"That's the very duplicate of the one I found in the fish," he thought. "I remarked that fact before. A broad black enameled band with a pure setting of gold. A most unusual kind of ring, and one would hardly expect to meet with its counterpart. Such a ring would only be made to order. As I found it in the vicinity of the yacht, maybe Mr. Conway lost it overboard when he first anchored here and then had a duplicate made to replace it."

That supposition seemed reasonable, and for want of a better explanation the boy accepted it as the truth.

But his attention was now engrossed by the peculiar behavior of his host.

He seemed to have become dopy all at once.

When he turned his eyes on the boy Dick saw they were dull and fishy.

Suddenly he pulled himself together, reached out his arm and struck the bell.

His intention was apparently to ring it more than once, but he was unable to accomplish the effort.

Instead of a clear, ringing tap the bell gave out a dull and muffled sound, owing to the fact that his hand rested heavily on the striking attachment, which prevented the clapper from rebounding.

He seemed unable to remove his hand from the bell either, and his head sank forward on his neck, and then toppled over on one side.

"By George!" exclaimed Dick, rising and looking across at the man. "The coffee was drugged, and the lady's warning was no idle one. Her statement that Mr. Conway is a villain begins to have some foundation in fact, otherwise why should he attempt to drug me? She denied that she was his wife, and asserted that she was his victim and prisoner. May not that be true, too? And his assertion that she was of unsound mind might be merely a blind to throw dust into my eyes and prevent me from suspecting the truth. Gracious! If all that be so I'm in a rather strenuous situation. Although the main rascal is out of business I must count on his accomplices—that Frenchman and the crew, for assuredly there must be a crew, though I haven't seen them—interfering to stop me from leaving the yacht with the lady, who expects me to help her to escape."

At that juncture there sounded a tapping on the door of the lady's room.

Dick sprang up, unlocked the stateroom door and the lady came out.

"Are you convinced?" she whispered, pointing at the unconscious yacht owner.

"I am, but I can't understand his object," replied Dick.

"You are a dangerous witness."

"Of what?"

"My presence on board this vessel."

"But he must have seen that I suspected nothing."

"He could not afford to take chances, when you could be so easily disposed of."

"Still I don't understand. Why should a rich Wall Street man—"

"He is rich only in villainy as yet; but the daring game that he and his associates are working will, unless exposed, make millionaires of all of them."

"And what is this game?"

"I will explain all to you as soon as we have made our escape. Come, there is no time to be lost. The boat that brought one of his partners in guilt aboard is probably still alongside. Our only chance is to reach it without observation and pull off for the shore."

"Haden't I better drag him out of sight?"

"It might be as well. Yonder is his room," and she pointed to stateroom A.

Dick removed Mr. Conway's hand from the bell, and then taking the man in his arms carried him across the cabin and into the room, where a lamp burned low.

He threw him on a handsomely fitted-up berth, and was turning away when he saw a revolver hanging in a holster against the wall.

"It may come in handy," he thought, hastily securing the weapon.

Then he rejoined the lady, who was impatiently waiting for him near the steps.

"Will you tell me your name, madam?" he asked, as they mounted the companionway together.

"Mrs. Ethel Ward," she replied; "and yours, I believe, is Dick Duncan?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Reaching the small quarter-deck of the yacht, they looked around and particularly forward.

The darkness of the night was so intense that even the outline of the yacht could not be distinguished a few feet in advance.

The position of the mast and the bows could only be fixed by the bright gleam of the two lamps, the glow of which looked as if suspended in the air.

The stern light, however, threw a slight radiance about their figures, noticing which Dick dragged his fair companion forward.

"There is a watcher, no doubt, somewhere about the deck," said Dick, "but he is not likely to see us in this pitch darkness. The boat is probably tied somewhere about mid-

ships, if there is a boat alongside at all. The man you spoke about might have been brought out in a cat-boat by a village boatman. In fact, the chances are he was. In that case the boatman has gone back unless he was instructed to wait to take back his fare. You had better wait till I investigate."

Dick pushed forward, keeping one hand on the rail that he might feel a boat's mooring line if it was there.

He went all the way to the rise of the fore-castle deck without his fingers encountering the slightest obstruction.

"There's no boat on this side—I must try the other," he muttered.

He crossed the deck cautiously, passing under the heavy boom close to where it was secured by a steel hoop to the mast.

Reaching the other side he examined the rail there, but apparently there was no boat moored there.

"It's just as I supposed. The visitor was brought off by a boatman who went away after putting him aboard. Now, how is the lady and myself to make our escape from this craft with half a mile of water between us and the Long Island shore?"

It was certainly a serious problem.

CHAPTER VI.

BESET BY DIFFICULTIES.

The wind had subsided to a fresh breeze, and the waves had gone down so that the yacht's motion was no longer unpleasant.

Dick started to rejoin the lady and acquaint her with the awkward state of affairs, when a man suddenly came out of the fore-castle entrance with a lantern in his hand.

He was attired in a natty sailor rig, and was accompanied by a well-dressed gentleman wearing a stylish straw hat.

Dick caught a good view of his face in the flash of the lantern and to his surprise recognized him as his former boss, Edward Hooper.

Notwithstanding that fact the boy was not anxious to meet him now, for the broker's presence on board the yacht showed that he was hand-in-glove with the Conway crowd, or the Brotherhood of Gold, as the lady called them.

As Dick was right in the path of the two men on their way to the cabin entrance the chances of discovery was good.

He tried to prevent it by slipping up alongside of the mast.

The pair advanced in that direction, the sailor swinging the lantern by his side.

"Everything seems to be going on fine," said Hooper.

"Sure," replied the sailor. "We haven't been asleep since we came down here."

"I'm glad to hear it. I shall have a good report to make to the boys when I return to the city."

Dick was not able to distinguish anything more, as they passed him without noticing his presence, and made straight for the cabin.

The sailor parted with Hooper at the door of the passage and then turning around started back for the bows.

Dick remained as still as a mouse, hugging the mast as close as he could.

The sailor passed him by and disappeared into the fore-castle.

The moment he was out of the way the boy returned to the spot where he had left Mrs. Ward.

She was crouching down in the darkness in eager expectation of his return.

"I have bad news to tell you, ma'am," said Dick.

"Bad news!" she ejaculated.

"Yes; there is no boat on either side of the yacht, so I don't see how we are to leave the vessel," he replied.

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed.

"Very. What are we to do?"

"Are you a good swimmer?"

"Yes, ma'am; but it's a considerable distance to the shore. Besides, I couldn't take you."

"Never mind me. If you can reach shore yourself you can bring the police off in the morning and rescue me. You could also get out a warrant for the arrest of George Conway for his attempt to drug you. That would be the first step toward his exposure and the breaking up of the Brotherhood of Gold," said the lady.

"I'm afraid I couldn't prove that he intended to do me up."

"I will swear that such was his intention."

"He would probably bring witnesses to swear that you are crazy."

"Do you believe I am crazy?"

"I do not—now."

"I am not afraid of anything he may do, once I am free, for I have friends in New York who would soon put him to rout. They and my daughter have been looking for me, as a matter of course, ever since I suddenly disappeared from my home, which happened a month ago, when I was enticed aboard this yacht by Conway."

"You knew this man in New York, then?"

"I was introduced to him by a broker with whom I did business in Wall Street. The broker, I am now satisfied, is a member of the Brotherhood. I have made a good deal of money in the stock market within the last year, and in addition have a considerable private fortune. Conway's purpose was to rob me of it all, just as he and his associates have planned to rob as many of Wall Street's rich men as they can catch in their net."

"Well, ma'am, if I had a life-preserver, or anything buoyant that would help me keep afloat, I could make the shore all right."

"There is a life-preserver attached to the cabin wall on either side of the stairs facing the wheel, where we came up. We will return there and, if you have a knife, you could cut one loose."

"Why not cut both loose and put one around yourself, then I could manage to get you ashore, too?"

The lady hesitated.

It seemed a great risk for her to undertake.

The darkness of the night, and the roughness of the Sound, intimidated her.

"I dare not attempt it," she replied.

"You can't sink with a life-preserver around you, and I will see that you get ashore all right."

"But now that it is so dark, and the yacht has probably changed her position since you came aboard, can you tell in what direction the shore lies?"

"Why, it lies——"

Dick paused and looked into the gloom that appeared thick enough to be cut up in chunks.

To save his life he couldn't guess in which direction the Long Island shore lay.

When he came aboard the yacht lay with her head pointing southeast, or directly toward the easterly headland at the mouth of the bay.

The turn of the tide, with a possible change in the wind, would swing her about in the opposite direction.

Or she might, at that moment, lie midway between either point, with her head looking up or down the Sound.

While puzzled by this dilemma he suddenly thought of the compass card in the binnacle.

No matter how the yacht lay that would show him the direction of the shore.

"I can tell, ma'am," he said.

"How can you?"

"By the compass in that brass hood facing the wheel. That will give me the bearings of Long Island. The vessel may swing in any direction, but the compass needle always points in the same direction. It is pointing toward Connecticut, consequently the Long Island shore lies in the opposite direction."

"That is quite true. I did not think of that. You will be able to start in the right direction; but once afloat in this fearful darkness will you not be all at sea? The waves will turn you around and around so that you will no longer have any idea of the right direction. If the tide is going out it will bear you down the Sound toward the ocean. If coming in it will carry you in the other direction. You will be like a boat without a sail or rudder, and must drift about till morning comes to show you where you are. Still, your case is a desperate one. To remain on board this vessel after what has happened will bring destruction on your head. As for myself, I am not in immediate danger, and can return to my room and wait till you take measures to effect my release. To trust myself to the water, even supported by a life-preserver, would add largely to your own difficulties, and might prove fatal to me. It is best, therefore, that you go alone, and without delay."

Dick agreed that she was about right, and said he would make the attempt to reach the shore alone.

They slipped back to the vicinity of the companionway,

and then Dick remembered that he didn't have his own clothes on, consequently he had no knife with him.

He mentioned the difficulty to the lady, at the same time taking the ring he had found in the fish out of his pocket and slipping it on his finger again.

"I can't return to the stateroom for my own clothes, because the visitor to the yacht, whom I recognized as a Wall Street broker, and a former boss of mine, has gone into the cabin, and is probably there now, unless he has retired to a stateroom, so I don't see how I'm going to detach one of these life-preservers," said Dick.

"We seem to meet obstacles on every hand," she replied, much disconcerted by this fresh difficulty.

"Well, as something has got to be done, I'm going to slip down the stairs and see if the newcomer is in the cabin or not."

"Better let me go. It's safer."

"All right. If the cabin is empty make a sign to that effect, and I will run the risk of going back to the room where my clothes are."

She nodded and slipped down the stairs.

Looking into the cabin she saw that there was no one in it, so she signalled the fact to Dick.

She went down and they entered together.

"Return to your room, Mrs. Ward, and leave me to look after myself," said Dick.

Without waiting to see whether she did so or not, the young messenger entered stateroom D and locked the door.

He stripped to the skin, put on all his own garments, shoved the revolver into his pocket, and unlocking the door peered into the cabin before entering it again.

The lady was sitting on one of the divans, with a magazine in her hands, apparently on the watch.

Dick showed himself at once.

"Good-by for the present," he said, pausing before her. "I'll be off inside of five minutes."

"Good-by. Here is my city address. Call there and tell my daughter that you have met me, but do not startle her with the true facts. Say that I will be home soon," she said.

"I will do so," answered Dick. "And now take this revolver and hide it where you can easily get it if you should need it to protect yourself. Good-by again."

Dick slipped up the stairs, cut the nearest life-preserver from its fastenings, secured it under his arms, and taking a look at the compass, let himself down over the stern of the yacht into the water and struck out for the shore.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK GETS ASHORE.

Although Dick was an excellent swimmer, it was no easy job he had undertaken.

In fact, he wouldn't have attempted the feat under less strenuous circumstances.

He hadn't gone very far before he heard a commotion on the yacht, and saw lights flashing along her deck.

He judged that his disappearance from the vessel had been discovered, probably by the men who had received instructions to launch him into the Sound at a certain time, and that he was being hunted for.

"I wish them luck trying to find me," he thought, as he continued to strike out in long, sturdy strokes, somewhat handicapped by the life-preserver, which insured his safety if it interfered with his speed.

Presently a brilliant white light sprang up on the sleep's deck, bringing out the vessel's outline as clear as day, while it lighted up the water for some distance around.

"I wonder if they suspect I've tried to swim for the shore and are scanning the water for me with a night-glass?" Dick asked himself.

The conjecture didn't worry him any, as he was beyond the rays of light cast by the burning chemicals, and he knew he could not be seen if looked for on the surface of the water.

So he kept steadily on his way, confident he was going in the right direction, and after a short time the light went out as suddenly as it burst forth, leaving only the triangular lanterns to indicate the spot where the yacht lay.

Alternately resting and swimming, the plucky boy made his way shoreward.

What he feared most was that he would miss either bluff and pass straight into the bay.

To prevent such a contingency, he altered his course somewhat, trusting to luck to come out all right.

He guided himself by the lights of the yacht, for he had a pretty clear idea from the compass how the vessel bore from the shore.

The tide appeared to be about slack, which was a great advantage to him, and prevented him from being carried either up or down the Sound.

An hour passed away and he judged by the position of the yacht's lights that he must be close inshore.

As a matter of fact he was, and fifteen minutes later he touched bottom.

"Hurrah! I'm all right," he cried, as he waded out of the water on to the beach.

A look at the yacht's lights satisfied him that he was on the western spur of the bay.

He removed his clothes, wrung the water out of them and put them on again.

As the night was warm, he did not feel any great inconvenience from their dampness, and losing no more time he started for the village, which lay at the head of the bay.

By following the shore line he made certain that he would not go astray, though it compelled him to walk a longer distance than he would have had to cover in the broad daylight.

It was after midnight when he reached the village, and it took all of twenty minutes more to find the boarding-place where he and Joe put up at.

The uncertainty of his friend's fate made him feel somewhat depressed now that the night's adventure was nearly over.

He pounded on the front door for admission, and soon aroused the landlady, who came downstairs and let him in.

"Why, Mr. Duncan, where have you been, and where is your friend?" asked the lady of the house. "My gracious! You look as if you'd been in the water."

"I've been in the water all right, Mrs. Simons. I've just swum ashore from the yacht at the entrance to the bay, where I took refuge when the boat in which my friend and I went fishing was capsized by the storm which caught us some distance from the shore. I am sorry to say that the last I saw of my chum he was clinging to the wreck of the sailboat, which was being driven out into the Sound. Whether he was picked up by some vessel, or was carried across to the coast of Connecticut, or lost his life in the storm, I am unable to say at this moment."

"My goodness! I trust he was not drowned," she said, looking startled at the idea of such a calamity.

"I trust so, too; but it is impossible to guess how he came out of the unfortunate disaster, if he came out of it at all."

Dick went to bed with his mind full of his friend's fate, the lady of the yacht, and the organization that went by the name of the Brotherhood of Gold.

He was the first at the breakfast table, hurried through the meal and hastened away to call on the village justice to see about the rescue of the lady and arrest of Mr. Conway, if possible.

He also wanted to see what could be done about his friend Joe.

The justice heard his story in no little amazement, and was hardly disposed to credit it.

He wouldn't take the responsibility of issuing a warrant for the arrest of the yachtsman, even on the boy's positive statement that Conway had given him drugged coffee for the purpose of doing him up.

"Why should he want to do you up?" asked the justice, incredulously.

"That will come out at his examination before you. Mrs. Ward will testify to all the facts that have come within her knowledge since she became a prisoner on the yacht," replied Dick.

The justice looked dubious.

"I have heard that the gentleman who owns that yacht is a wealthy Wall Street man, whose wife, who is abroad, is suffering from some mental malady—a hallucination that she is somebody other than herself, and that those around her, including her husband, are her enemies. I'm afraid, young man, that you are laboring under a misapprehension of the facts. This lady you call Ms. Ward is doubtless the gentleman's wife, and you have been impressed by her irresponsible talk."

"I admit that at first I was of your opinion, but when her warning turned out to be true, why——"

"Young man, you only imagine it to be true."

"Imagine it!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that when Mr. Conway drank the coffee intended for me he became unconscious himself."

"How do you know but he was tired after some unusual exertion, and fell asleep of his own accord?" asked the justice.

"I am sure he didn't. He looked too dopy for that. Besides he would have woke up when I dragged him into his stateroom afterward," asserted Dick.

Still the justice was by no means convinced.

"Well, sir, if you won't issue the warrant, will you give me an order compelling Mr. Conway to produce Mrs. Ward before you? Then you can question the lady yourself."

"What! Question a crazy woman!"

"She's not crazy."

"I see no ground for asking the gentleman to produce his wife in my office. Why, he could put me in a very unpleasant position—perhaps sue me for damages."

"But she isn't his wife."

"You have no evidence but the lady's word that she isn't. If she's not in her right mind——"

"Then you won't do anything?" said Dick, disgusted with the outcome of his application.

"Not without you can submit more real evidence that the lady is perfectly sane, and is unlawfully being deprived of her liberty."

"I've told you all I can."

"Then I am sorry, but I can't oblige you."

"You are doing the lady a terrible injustice. It may cost her her life yet."

The justice shrugged his shoulders.

Finding that he could not be moved, Dick took up the matter of his friend Joe.

"Perhaps you will advise me what steps to take to find out what became of him after the wrecked sailboat was swept out into the Sound?"

"You had better communicate the facts to his family and let his father make inquiries about him. If your friend escaped from the storm, either by being picked up by some craft, or cast ashore somewhere on the other side of the Sound, he will return home as soon as he can get there. If he was drowned, his body will be found as soon as the tide throws it up."

"If his body isn't carried out to sea," said Dick.

"Of course. There's a possibility of that," admitted the justice.

Dick left the home of the village justice very much dissatisfied.

As he walked along he determined to hire a cat-boat and visit the yacht.

His object, of course, was to rescue Mrs. Ward without legal authority if it could be managed.

He had his doubts about the success of this maneuver, for it was probable that the lady would be kept locked up in her stateroom, and he would not be permitted to see her.

However, he felt that it was his duty to make the attempt at any rate.

Accordingly he went down to the wharf to engage a boatman.

He also had another duty to perform and that was to explain to the boatman, from whom Joe and he had hired the sailboat the afternoon before, how the craft was lost in the storm, and how his companion was missing under circumstances that made it doubtful if he ever would be seen again alive.

He expected that the boatman would give him Hail Columbia, and perhaps make a demand on him for some money to help make his loss good.

The latter possibility did not worry Dick much, for he had heard that all the boatmen had their boats insured, and in case of total loss would be entitled to recover at least eighty per cent. of their appraised value.

When Dick reached the wharf he learned that the boatman in question had gone off in another craft looking for the two boys and his property.

He hired a boat to take him out to the mouth of the bay. About half way there he got a good view of the entrance, and to his surprise saw no sign of the anchored yacht.

They went clear out, but the sloop was nowhere in sight.

Her commander, for reasons, had pulled up his anchor.

and slipped away, and so Dick returned to the village much disappointed and full of sympathy for the lady.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK IN WALL STREET.

Dick didn't wait for the last train of the day out of the village, but took the afternoon one which landed him at the Long Island depot, with Joe's suitcase and his own at five o'clock.

He turned the suitcase over to a transfer company for delivery and then started for his friend Joe's flat to break the unhappy intelligence of Joe's possible loss to his father.

Nearly an hour later he rang the Simms bell, and as soon as he heard the answering click he opened the door and ran upstairs.

He was not prepared for the surprise that awaited him, and was quite staggered when who should he see out on the landing but Joe himself, looking none the worse after his strenuous experience.

And Joe was just as staggered himself, for he had given Dick up for dead, and was on the point of starting for the Duncan flat to break the sad news to his chum's mother and sister.

"Is that really you, Joe?" cried Dick.

The same exclamation escaped Joe's lips.

Both admitted that there could be no mistake about their identity.

"How did you escape, Joe?" asked Dick, eagerly, delighted that he had been relieved of the distasteful duty of breaking the news to his chum's folks.

"I was picked up by a small sloop and taken into New London," replied Joe. "I spent the night on board, and took the early afternoon train for this city, feeling sure that you were among the angels. I have been trying to summon up courage enough to go over to your flat and break the news to your folks."

"I'm glad you didn't."

"So am I. How did you save yourself?"

"When I was swept off the boom I caught the cable of the yacht, which was right on top of us. I managed to make my way to her deck and——"

"Received a warm welcome," said Joe.

"Yes, it was pretty warm. If I told you all I went through on that craft it would make your hair curl."

"Why, what do you mean? They couldn't have kicked because you took refuge in that storm. No one but an unfeeling hog would do that."

"It's too long a story to tell you now. I must get over home. I'll say this much, I was treated all right. I got a royal meal, and the gentleman who owns or has chartered the yacht, was as nice as pie to me."

"Then why did you say that if I knew what you went through on board it would make my hair curl?" asked the mystified Joe.

"Because it would. You'll understand all about it after I have told you my story. Perhaps I'll get the chance to do so to-morrow."

"I guess you're jollying me," laughed Joe. "By the way, where are our suitcases?"

"In the hands of the transfer company. They'll be delivered, charges C. O. D., this evening some time. Well, I must be off. Give my regards to your folks. You told them, I suppose, that you guessed I was lost. They'll be glad to learn that you were premature in making the announcement of my untimely demise."

Thus speaking Dick started downstairs, and hurried over home.

Next morning Dick was at his office at the regular time, looking browner and healthier than when he started on his vacation.

The first thing he did was to look over the market report and see how stocks were going.

He was something of a speculator on the quiet, and had made about \$1,200 out of lucky deals since he went to work for Broker Overy.

He was always on the lookout for a chance to increase his capital, for he had ambitious plans concerning a nice little home in the suburbs for his mother and sister.

The rent problem had always bothered his mother, and Dick determined to make an end to it by establishing her in her own house

This happy event, however, was still a fairy tale of the future, but Dick did not doubt that eventually it would be realized.

Pretty soon the head bookkeeper, who was the cashier, a couple of clerks and the stenographer came in one after another, and each asked Dick how he had enjoyed his vacation, complimenting him on his improved looks.

Shortly afterward Mr. Overy came in, looking as old, and as angular, and as grouchy as was his custom.

Although he was presumed to be rolling in dollars, and had no wife or children to leave his wealth to, he stuck to business with even greater vim than any one of his employees.

He never lost a chance to turn a profit, and he had not been known to treat himself to a vacation in years.

He didn't believe in his employees taking vacations either, but as it was the custom in Wall Street for them to do so, he grudgingly permitted the privilege, like a man who felt that he was being robbed out of time he paid for and therefore was justly entitled to reap the benefit of.

He attended to his own buying and selling at the board-room, and was a familiar figure on the floor.

"Here comes 'Old Daddy Dollars,' was a familiar cry among the young traders when he made his appearance in the morning about ten, and he never left the Exchange till three if there was anything doing.

Dick was known all over the district as "Old Daddy Dollars' boy," and he enjoyed the appellation amazingly.

After Mr. Overy had gone over his mail, which was light that morning, he rang for Dick.

Dick knew what he wanted, but he had to respond just the same.

"Tell Miss Murray——" began the broker.

"That you want her? All right, sir," and Dick started for the door.

"Hold on a moment, young man," said Mr. Overy, severely.

"Yes, sir," replied the young messenger, stopping abruptly.

"Come back here," said the trader sharply.

Dick returned to his desk.

"You've been on a week's vacation."

"Yes, sir. Had a bang-up time, but nearly cashed in my chips yesterday afternoon," replied Dick in his chipper way.

"Eh?"

"Met with an accident, sir. My chum and I went out fishing in a sailboat. We got caught in a storm. Boat capsized, and we just escaped by the skin of our teeth."

"Humph!" and the broker favored Dick with a grouchy look. "You've been away a week, and you've been paid for it. I expect you will make it up by greater attention to business."

"Don't I always attend to business right up to the handle?"

"I have no fault to find with you, but the smarter you are the better I shall like it. That's all. Tell Miss Murray to come in," and the broker turned to his desk and took up a typewritten letter to read over a second time.

Dick marched out to the stenographer's corner in the counting-room.

"You're wanted, Miss Murray," he said.

"All right, Dick," she said. Then her eye caught sight of his ring. "What an odd ring? Where did you get it?"

"If I were to tell you you'd call it a fish story," laughed the boy.

"A fish story! What do you mean?"

"A fish brought this ring to me."

"You mean somebody by the name of Fish presented it to you?"

"Not at all. A mean a real fish, about so big. He or she, I don't know what gender it was, did me the honor of bringing it to me from the bottom of Long Island Sound."

"Now you're jollying me."

"Hope I may eat snowballs this winter if that isn't the solemn truth. I can prove it by my friend Joe White, who was present when the ring turned up."

"Perhaps you'll explain to me how the fish brought you the ring?"

"He or she didn't bring it of their own accord. I caught the fish, and found the ring in its stomach."

"That's pretty good. If I were you I'd sell that story to some newspaper," laughed the girl.

"That's as much as to say you don't believe it. Well,

"I didn't expect that you would, so we'll let it go at that. It is a peculiar ring, isn't it?"

"Very. I'll wager there isn't another like it."

"Then you'd lose, for I know a man who has its mate."

"Indeed."

"Yes. Now run along—Mr. Overy is waiting for you."

On his way back to his post the head bookkeeper called Dick and sent him out on an errand.

It was a message to a broker named Caxton, whose office was on Broad street.

Dick was there in about ten minutes, and he was shown into the gentleman's private room.

He was a smart, dark-complexioned little man, who sported a heavy black mustache.

Dick had never called on him before.

As the boy handed him the envelope the trader's eyes lighted on the ring with the pure gold setting.

He seemed surprised and shot a swift look at the lad.

Dick didn't notice the look, for he was staring at the gentleman's little finger on which shone another duplicate of his own ring.

"You are one of us, I see," remarked the broker, with a peculiar smile.

CHAPTER IX.

DICK GETS HOLD OF A TIP.

Dick almost gasped at the words.

The broker was now reading the note he had brought and did not notice his manner.

"The very words the steward said," breathed Dick, hopelessly bewildered by the singular coincidence.

"Working for Overy, eh?" said Broker Caxton, with a shrewd smile.

"Yes, sir," blurted Dick.

"Well, I wish you luck. Good-by."

Dick walked out of the office like one in a dream.

"Geel! I never had any broker wish me luck before because I'm working for Old Daddy Dollars. The boys all sympathize with me owing to Mr. Overy's reputation for stinginess, with is only equalled by the size of his supposed bank account. 'You are one of us, I see.' That's what Mr. Caxton said. Now what did he mean by that? Was it just a playful remark, or was there some significance to it? What significance could there be? I'm only a messenger, and don't amount to a hill of beans so far as the gentlemen of Wall Street are concerned. How could I be one of them? It's funny he should get off the same thing that the Frenchman did. And that reminds me that I didn't call on him in the pantry to sample that highball, as he called it," chuckled the boy. "It's just as well, for I don't drink such creations of the bar. Say, if it doesn't get my goat how three of us should possess the same odd ring. It's a wonder he didn't notice the ring on my finger and ask all about it. I'd like to know if I shall run across any more duplicates. This can't be a specially made ring after all, but some new design that is having a run on the market. I guess I needn't be surprised if I see more like it."

Dick returned to the office and reported to the head bookkeeper.

As he was turning away from the window he noticed an envelope on the floor.

He picked it up and saw that it was addressed to John Smith, and that it had been opened.

"Belongs to one of our customers, perhaps," he thought.

He sat down, took out the enclosure and read it.

This is what it contained:

"Dear Smith—The melon I spoke about is M. & C. It will soon be opened to the tune of an advance of twenty points or more. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Go in and win. Your cousin, Tom."

"Huh!" exclaimed Dick. "Looks like a first-class tip from Cousin Tom to Smith advising him to buy M. & C. for a raise of twenty points. The date is Saturday. I wonder if a man named Smith left an order with us for some M. & C. I must ask his giblets," meaning the head bookkeeper, "and if he has, that will be a line for me to follow and go in and win, too."

Dick stood well with the boss of the counting-room and he knew it.

In fact, Dick stood well with every one in the office, in-

cluding Old Daddy Dollars, and, for that matter, everybody outside the office who knew him, for he was a lad who made friends easily, and, what was more to the point, kept them, too.

So he made no bones about going to the head bookkeeper, whose name was Morrison, and asking him if a man named John Smith had bought some M. & C. shares through the house that morning.

"Really, I couldn't tell you, Dick. Ask Newcomb. I can't remember everything that happens here," replied Morrison.

Newcomb was one of the clerks and to him Dick immediately applied for the information he wanted.

"John Smith, eh?" said Newcomb, looking at Dick, quizzically. "Is Mr. Smith a friend of yours, or have you taken a sudden interest in his affairs?"

"John Smith is a particular—very particular friend of mine at this minute," smiled Dick.

"And you want to find out if he's in on M. & C.?"

"You couldn't have made a closer guess if you were a wizard," chuckled Dick.

"Don't you know that our customers' affairs are matters not to be divulged to—"

"Outsiders. Of course; but I'm not an outsider."

"Not to be told to anybody except the boss," continued Newcomb.

"Oh, come on, Mr. Newcomb, do you want me to have an attack of heart failure?"

"I hope not; but I guess there's no danger of that. You look as fit as a fiddle since you've been in the country."

"Looks are not to be depended on. Get a hustle on, and let me know what I asked you about."

"Really, Dick, you order me about as though you were the boss."

"If I was the boss I'd raise your wages, and give you two weeks' vacation instead of one."

"I believe you would. Well, let me see what I can do for you."

A minute later Dick had acquired the information he wanted.

John Smith had bought 1,000 shares of M. & C. at the market, about 80, on the usual ten per cent. margin.

"Thank you, Mr. Newcomb, that's all I wanted to know," said Dick.

"Mind you keep the matter to yourself. If Mr. Overy heard I had told you this he'd read me the riot act."

"Don't you worry. He won't find it out through me," and Dick walked away, satisfied that the tip was a bona-fide one, and fully determined to get in on the good thing himself without delay.

There wasn't a whole lot doing that day in Wall Street, for business hadn't commenced to pick up yet after a very dull summer.

Most of the brokers were out of town, enjoying life at the seashore, or the mountains, where their families, if they had any, were rustivating over the hot spell.

The financial district was sizzling under a hot sun, and everybody who could get away from business was glad to do so.

There was one big office, way up in a tall skyscraper, which had the appearance of considerably activity.

The sign on the door read "George Conway & Co."

There were four rooms to the suite.

The first was a reception-room, which was in charge of a shrewd-looking, red-haired boy.

He had a desk, which he occupied between half-past nine and four, barring an interval for lunch, when the desk had another occupant.

All visitors not known to him had to pass his scrutiny, and answer satisfactorily such questions as he asked them, before they got any further.

He was well dressed, and on the little finger of his right hand shone a ring the exact counterpart of the one Dick found in the belly of the fish.

That style of ring seemed to be very popular with many of the persons who called at George Conway & Co., and of itself appeared to be an "open sesame" to the offices beyond, for those who wore the ring did not have to undergo any inspection, nor answer any questions as to their business.

They passed in and out without hindrance, though sometimes they had to wait their turn.

About the time that Dick Duncan was asking John Smith's business relations with his office, Mr. George Conway was closeted in his private room with two handsomely

dressed men, each of whom sported the ring with the gold setting.

"As I was saying," he said, "the boy made his escape; but that doesn't greatly matter, I guess, for he learned nothing of any importance. I don't know what our prisoner may have told him before I caught them together, but she spoiled its effect by her crazy behavior, and I had no trouble in persuading him that she was mentally unbalanced."

"His escape, however, is a sign that his suspicions were aroused," said one of the other gentlemen.

"I grant that; but I have taken measures to defeat any action he might have taken yesterday morning in Mrs. Ward's behalf by changing the anchorage of the yacht. We are now lying in Great South Bay."

"How came you to help yourself to the dosed coffee instead of giving it to him? You are not the man to make so serious a blunder."

"I can't understand that myself. I am positive that I handed him the drugged cup."

"And yet you became the victim."

"Unfortunately, yes. It's a great mystery to me. I could understand the matter if Mrs. Ward had got the chance to change the cups, but she didn't."

"She must have managed to give the tip to the boy somehow, and he changed the cups while your back was turned for a few moments. It is possible that when he did the trick he was not sure there was anything in it; but on perceiving the effect the changed coffee had on you he saw that things were not right and lost no time in quitting the yacht."

"Well, it's unfortunate, but, as I said before, he knows nothing that would lead to our detection. In any case we know where to lay our hands on him in case anything should transpire to show us that he is dangerous to our interests. He works for Old Daddy Dollars."

"The man we are laying a trap for? The dickens he is."

"I tried to pump him, but if he knows any of the old man's business secrets he wouldn't give them away. He's an uncommon lad, and used to work for Hooper."

"Well, what progress have we made in getting near the old man's gold?"

"I've secured a plan of his private room, and the combination of his private safe. I shall send Wilcox to him this afternoon with a bunch of our bogus bonds, on which I hope he will be able to borrow \$60,000. If matters run right we will clean out his safe to-morrow. All that is necessary will be to get him out of the room long enough to give us time to open the safe and transfer whatever gold and securities he has in it to our bags, and depart by way of the corridor door."

"It's a daring game to pull off in broad daylight and during office hours."

"We did it twice last week with such success that in neither case has the discovery yet been made."

"That's because the brokers are out of town."

"That's true. Neither of them panned out near as well as we expect of the old man to size up. He ought to be the star feature of our operations. He has no confidence in the banks, but, odd to say, a whole lot of trust in his office safe."

"I'm afraid we'll shatter that confidence," smiled the gentleman who had taken little part in the conversation.

"We certainly will," returned Conway. "Will you have a drink, gentlemen? I have a new brand of whisky I can recommend to your palates."

He produced a decanter and glasses from a compartment in his desk.

"Here's to the continued success of the Brotherhood of Gold," he said.

"Amen to that," replied his visitors as they drained their glasses, and then arose to take their departure.

CHAPTER X.

"I'M RUINED!"

On his way home that afternoon Dick stopped in at the little bank on Nassau street, which had a brokerage department that kept open till four o'clock, and left his order for 100 shares of M. & C. stock at the market, now 81, depositing his certificate of deposit for \$1,200 as security.

After supper his friend Joe White dropped in to see him, and learned about his experience on the yacht.

Dick told him the story, and Joe was quite astonished.

"Do you really think there's anything in that Brotherhood of Gold business?" he asked, apparently incredulous.

"Well, the lady maintains that there is such a combination of Wall Street men who are engaged in a secret conspiracy to rob certain wealthy people of the Street."

"I should imagine that was a pretty daring game."

"It is certainly a risky one."

"How does the lady figure in the matter?"

"She told me that she not only had a fortune of her own, but had recently made a lot of money out of the market. She has been operating through a broker who she believes is a member of this Brotherhood. At any rate, he introduced her to Conway, who appears to be the head muckamuck, and soon afterward she was induced to visit the yacht, when she was made a prisoner. The object of her captors is to get all her money away from her."

"It seems to me that this rascally scheme is bound to be exposed sooner or later, and all the members of the Brotherhood will find themselves in trouble."

"The fact that they are brokers going about their ordinary business relieves them of suspicion. In case the game is discovered it will be hard to find out who the men are who are connected with it."

"Well, you know that Conway is the head gazabo. Why don't you go to the police and tell what you know?"

"I haven't any real evidence to bring against him."

"But you say he tried to drug you?"

"I am sure he did, but I can't prove it without Mrs. Ward's testimony."

"Get the police to visit the yacht and release the lady."

"That's easier said than done. The yacht has changed her anchorage. Besides, after the experience I had with the village justice I'm afraid even the city detectives would hesitate to invade the yacht after her unless they had better evidence of crooked work than I can give them."

"I should think that your statement that she is a prisoner on the vessel would be enough to lead to an investigation."

"Well, you see Conway is supposed to be a reputable and rich Wall Street operator. It is no silly thing for the police to butt into his private affairs unless they are sure of their ground. In case a detective did visit the yacht he would claim that Mrs. Ward was his wife, and everybody would back him up."

"But she would deny the fact. Isn't her word as good as his?"

"No, because he has surrounded her with the reputation of an unbalanced mind. Why, the village justice told me he had heard about the lady—that she was afflicted with the hallucination that her husband and those around her were enemies bent on doing her harm and robbing her of her money."

"That's kind of fierce for her."

"She has a daughter in the city, however. If I could find her I might be able to do something. She gave me her address, written in lead pencil on a piece of paper, and told me to call on her; but the water, when I swam ashore, made the writing illegible, and I can't read a word of it."

"That's unfortunate."

"I should say so."

"Put an advt. in the paper. Do you know her first name?"

"Yes, it's Edith."

"Then advertise for her. If she doesn't see the notice, one of her friends might, and so you'd get in touch with her."

"I was thinking about doing that."

"I haven't read about the mysterious robbery of any wealthy Wall Street man of late, so the Brotherhood you mentioned can't have got down to real business yet. When such a thing happens I would advise you to communicate your suspicions to the police, and that will put the matter up to them," said Joe.

"That's a good idea. I'll make a note of it," replied Dick.

Shortly afterward he and Joe walked around to a newspaper branch office in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and Dick inserted a personal in the paper, which stated that Edith Ward, daughter of Mrs. Ethel Ward, would learn something to her advantage by communicating with the advertiser, care of John Overy, broker, No. — Wall Street.

"That ought to fetch her," said Joe, as they left the place.

About eleven o'clock next morning three well-dressed gentlemen called at Mr. Overy's office and asked to see him on business of importance.

All three of the visitors wore heavy beards, which left very little of their faces visible, and each of them displayed a similar ring to Dick's on his little finger.

The broker told him to admit the callers, and they walked into the private room.

In a little while Mr. Overy came out and went into his counting-room.

Then one of the visitors came out, closing the door after him.

When the broker started back for the room this man buttonholed him and engaged him in conversation.

The bearded man showed him some document, the contents of which he seemed very anxious to impress on his attention.

Mr. Overy several times attempted to go on to his office, but the man detained him by various skilful maneuvers, while he continued to talk like a house afire.

Had Dick been in his chair he probably would have recognized the ring on the gentleman's little finger, for the man's hand was almost continually on the old broker's arm; but Dick was talking to Joe White and another friend of his named Jud Havens, each of whom had called with a note for Mr. Overy.

Suddenly a peculiar bird-like call sounded out in the corridor.

"I wonder what that was?" exclaimed Dick.

"Some kid messenger, I guess, in the corridor," replied Joe.

"He's quite a warbler, then," said Dick, thinking nothing more about it.

At that moment the visitor, who had been talking with the broker, concluded his arguments and released Mr. Overy's arm.

"What do you think about it?" he said.

"I'll consider the matter. Call to-morrow and I'll give you my answer," answered Old Daddy Dollars.

"All right. I'll be here about three o'clock. Good-day."

The caller started for the door in a brisk way, while Mr. Overy re-entered his room, followed by Dick, with Jud and Joe behind him.

The broker was surprised when he saw no sign of the other two visitors whom he had left there.

He was still more surprised when his eyes rested on his private safe, the door of which stood wide open, though it was closed and locked when he left the room.

At the sight of the open safe the old man uttered a cry that startled Dick and his friends, Jud and Joe.

He rushed forward and threw himself down on his knees before the safe.

"I'm ruined!" he cried, frantically.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBBED OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

"What's the matter, Mr. Overy?" cried Dick, rushing forward.

"I'm ruined—ruined!" cried the old man again.

"Ruined!" exclaimed Dick, astonished.

"Robbed—robbed of thousands of dollars in gold. That compartment was full of double eagles, now not a coin is left. Where are those men who were in here? They are thieves. Call the police at once. Call the police."

Dick ran out to the telephone booth in the counting-room, and looking up the number of Police Headquarters, was soon in communication with an officer.

He stated the bare fact that Mr. Overy's safe had just been robbed by two men who had paid him a business visit, and asked that a detective be sent at once to investigate the matter.

Then he returned to the inner room, where the broker was going on like mad over his loss.

"How came you to leave your safe open when you left the room?" asked the boy.

"I didn't leave it open. It was locked," replied the broker.

"Locked! Then how the dickens could they open it in the short time you were out talking to the other visitor?"

"I don't know. I don't know. They opened it somehow."

"It couldn't have been locked. You only thought it was."

"I say it was locked," roared Mr. Overy.

Dick felt that there was no use of disputing his word.

He examined the door of the safe, but it showed no signs of having been tampered with.

Seeing something glistening on the floor, he picked it up.

It was a small piece of pure gold, just the size of the setting of his ring, and just the same shape, too.

Dick wondered how it came to be there.

He dropped it in his vest pocket while he continued his inspection of the safe.

Joe White and Jud Havens did not see how they could present their notes to Mr. Overy in the state he was in, and stood back watching Dick and talking about the singularity of the robbery.

Suddenly turning on them, the old man ordered them out of the room in a fierce tone.

"I've got a note for you," said Joe, offering it.

So have I," said Jud, offering his.

Mr. Overy snatched them both and read them with a shaking hand.

He scarcely grasped the nature of their contents, but he roared, "No answer," and threw them on his desk.

"Come, Jud, let's sneak," said Joe, and the two boys left.

"There is no sign of any tool having been used on the safe," said Dick, when alone with his employer.

The broker glared at him.

"Get out of here," he howled, and Dick lost no time in obeying the order.

He did not communicate the news to any one in the counting-room, but took his seat, and, pulling out the piece of gold, look at it critically, comparing it with the setting of his ring.

"By George! That must have fallen out of one of this make of ring," he said to himself. "One of these thieves maybe wore such a ring, and the setting was so loose that it fell out while he was at the safe. My gracious! Ever since that ring of mine came into my possession in such a remarkable way, that kind of ring has been turning up all around me. Funny that I never noticed the design before. It must be the very latest novelty in rings. Everybody seems to be buying one. I am right in the style. The old man seems mighty sure that the safe was locked, but I'm just as certain it wasn't. He isn't infallible. He went to his safe for something, then shut the door and thought he turned the handle, otherwise nobody but a person acquainted with the combination could have opened the safe in the short time those visitors were in there, and without leaving a mark on it, either."

The head bookkeeper called Dick and sent him out.

When he got back there was a detective in the private room with Old Daddy Dollars.

The old man declared that his loss amounted to \$50,000 in gold, and a bunch of valuable securities worth \$50,000 more.

He described his visitors to the detective, and said two had remained in his room while the third came outside and engaged his attention for a matter of ten minutes.

He said there was nothing about them that struck him as suspicious.

They talked about a loan they wanted to raise, and acted just like well-to-do brokers.

The detective, after a thorough examination of the safe, came to the same conclusion that Dick had arrived at—that it could not have been locked at the time of the robbery.

Mr. Overy insisted that it was locked.

He said that owing to the amount of value it contained he never failed to see that it was locked when he shut it up.

"Did you open it this morning?" the sleuth asked.

"I did, soon after I came here, and I locked it after I took a paper from it," replied the broker.

The detective was satisfied he had not locked it, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

After securing a description of the alleged thieves he went away.

Dick followed him outside and handed him the piece of gold, telling him where he had found it and when.

He showed the sleuth his ring, and how the piece of gold was an exact counterpart of its setting.

The detective believed that one of the thieves had worn a ring like the boy's, and that its setting came out while he was working at the safe.

He took the piece of gold away with him as a clue to work on.

During the rest of the day Mr. Overy was in a fierce humor.

Dick didn't blame him for being out of sorts if he had lost \$100,000.

The employees in the counting-room remained in ignorance of the robbery, as neither Dick nor the old man said anything about it.

They suspected that something was wrong from the broker's manner, and Morrison tried to learn something from Dick, thinking he might have an idea what was in the wind.

He was disappointed, because Dick wasn't giving out any information on the subject.

Dick and Joe came together after business hours.

"Got any clue to that robbery?" Joe asked.

"No, not to my knowledge."

"I suppose the detectives are on the job?"

"One is, I know."

"What did he have to say about it?"

"He and I agree that the safe was not locked, or the robbery could not have been committed in the short time the visitors pulled it off."

"You saw the alleged crooks. What did they look like?"

"They looked like gentlemen of means."

"What do you think about it?"

"I haven't any opinion as yet."

"Hasn't it struck you that this might be one of the daring acts of the Brotherhood of Gold you told me about?"

"By George! You may be right. I never connected them with such a piece of business."

"You had better call at Police Headquarters and tell the story you told me. The authorities might consider the matter well worth investigation."

"I'm afraid they'd consider my story rather fishy," said Dick after a moment's thought.

"They might, but that's nothing to you."

"I'd hate to have them size me up as a fool."

"What do you care if you think the Brotherhood of Gold is a fact, and that it has some connection with the robbery of your boss?"

"Well, you see I have only Mrs. Ward's word for it that such an organization really exists. Suppose she was wrong?"

"But you believe she was right, don't you?"

"I believe that she possesses knowledge about some kind of a crooked game that is being worked here in Wall Street. She herself appears to be one of the victims."

"If you believe that much, it's your duty, isn't it, to tell the police? It may give them the very clue they need to work on."

"I would first like to find the lady's daughter and make sure that she really is what she claims to be. Then I'd have some real evidence to furnish the police. As the case stands I can't swear that Mrs. Ward was abducted from this city."

"I should think her daughter would have reported the fact that she is missing to the police. Why don't you look into that?"

"I will," replied Dick. "I'll stop in at Headquarters on my way uptown. Will you go with me?"

"Sure I will," answered Joe.

The two boys left the quick-lunch house, where they had been taking a bite, and caught a Broadway carbound north.

CHAPTER XII.

EDITH WARD.

When they reached Police Headquarters, Dick was directed to the room where a record was kept of people who had been reported as missing from their homes.

He inquired if a lady by the name of Mrs. Ethel Ward had been reported as having disappeared suddenly and unaccountably from the city.

"When did the lady disappear?" asked the officer.

"About a month ago, I believe," replied Dick.

The book was looked at, but no entry about Mrs. Ward appeared in it about the time indicated.

The officer went back a week without result, and also ran over the list for two weeks within the month.

"I don't see any mention about that person," he said.

Dick was disappointed.

"The lady has a daughter and friends in this city," he said. "I should think they would have reported her disappearance to the police the first thing."

"That is generally the case," replied the officer. "Lots

of people are reported missing when they are really not missing at all. They go off somewhere on a visit without leaving word behind them, or they miss their connections somehow on their way home and fail to arrive when expected. As a result their near relatives become alarmed, and the police are immediately asked to look for them. This missing people business is a great nuisance."

"Well, if you haven't any record of this lady, the case hasn't been reported, I suppose," said Dick.

"That's about the size of it."

"You have a city directory here, I presume?"

"Yes. Want to look at it?"

"If you please," said Dick.

There were several Wards in it, but they were all men.

The boy made a list of them anyway, on the chance that one of them might prove a relative of the lady he was interested in.

"Well, are you going to tell that story of yours in the proper quarter?" asked Joe.

"No. I'm going to wait till I can learn something more about Mrs. Ward."

"Then come on. Let's go home."

Before he went home he went to the office of the newspaper in which he had inserted the advt. and paid for two more insertions.

There was nothing in the afternoon papers about the robbery at his office, which convinced him that the police were keeping the matter quiet.

Next morning when Dick consulted the market report he saw that M. & C. had advanced half a point.

"That's good," he told himself. "Every little helps. It shows that somebody is taking an interest in it."

Things went on as usual that day.

The market continued dull as a whole, and very little business was done at the different exchanges.

Dick and his fellow messengers had a comparatively easy time of it, which, as the weather was hot, they duly appreciated.

Old Daddy Dollars was in his grouchiest mood, and the office force found things correspondingly unpleasant.

Dick admitted the detective to his room about noon, but the sleuth did not stay long, from which fact the boy concluded that he had nothing of importance to communicate on the subject of the robbery.

As Dick was passing the Manhattan Building on his way up Wall Street, he saw Conway and another gentleman come out and proceed at a leisurely pace toward Broadway.

He followed on behind them and saw them enter a big cafe on Broadway.

He waited a while, and when they didn't come out he went in and looked around.

They were standing at the bar drinking and talking.

Dick went outside and waited fifteen minutes longer.

Then they came out and jumped on a Broadway north-bound car.

Dick caught the same car, sat down near the door and pulled his hat down over his forehead.

The car went up to Twenty-third street and then turned off eastward, which was a sign that it was going up Lexington avenue.

At Madison avenue, however, the two men got off, and so did Dick.

They took a Madison avenue car and Dick got aboard, too.

When the car reached a certain block well uptown the gentlemen alighted, and Dick followed them to the sidewalk.

Half way up the block the men stopped in front of a high-class bachelor apartment house.

Here Conway parted from his companion and went into the building.

"I guess he lives there when he's in town," thought the boy, making a note of the number.

Dick continued up the avenue, intending to catch the next uptown car that came along, and go on up to One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street.

As he was passing a high-stoop residence, a very pretty young girl came out and tripped down the steps.

Some thoughtless person had dropped or thrown a banana peel on the fourth step from the sidewalk.

The girl stepped on it, slipped and pitched forward.

She would have landed head first on the walk but for Dick, who jumped forward, and caught her in his arms.

Her frightened look changed to one of confusion, and

she hastily extricated herself from Dick's embrace, at the same time thanking him for saving her from a bad fall.

"You're welcome, miss," he said, lifting his hat.

Then seeing she had dropped her pocketbook, he picked it up.

Several cards fell out of it, and he recovered them.

Across the uppermost one he saw, printed in card text, "Miss Edith Ward."

He stared at the name in surprise, for Mrs. Ward's daughter's name was Edith.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but is your name Edith Ward?" he said as he handed the girl the wallet and the cards.

"Thank you," she said, as she took her property from him, then in answer to his question she said "Yes."

"Your mother—is her name Mrs. Ethel Ward?"

"Why, yes."

"May I ask if she has been away from home for about a month?"

"She has."

Dick looked at Miss Ward, and it was apparent she showed no anxiety about her mother.

The boy began to wonder if this was the right young lady.

"You will excuse me if I ask you a rather strange question, but will you tell me if you have any idea where your mother is?"

"Why, certainly I have," she answered, in a tone of surprise. "She went off on a yachting trip with some friends."

"A yachting trip!" said Dick. "Have you heard from her since she started?"

"No, and I am beginning to get a little worried," said the girl. "I ought to have received a letter from her before this, for the yacht, I was told, was only going for a summer cruise in the Caribbean Sea, and she would doubtless stop at many places whence a letter could be mailed by my mother."

"Do you know the name of the yacht?"

"The Ocean Wave."

"Did you see your mother off?"

"No. I was out of town visiting friends at the time."

"She wrote you saying she was going on this trip?"

"No, but I found a letter awaiting me at the house, written by the owner of the yacht, explaining that my mother had gone on the trip at such short notice that she was unable to write to me about it, but that I would hear from her as soon as the vessel reached Nassau."

"You are acquainted with the owner of the yacht?"

"I was introduced to him by my mother on one occasion when he called at our house. His name is George Conway."

"That settles it," thought Dick. "Well, Miss Ward," he added aloud, "I had the pleasure of meeting the lady lately who I believe is your mother. She is a tall, handsome lady of fine appearance."

"You have described my mother exactly. You have just come from the West Indies, then?" said the girl, eagerly. "And you met her at some port there?"

Dick felt and looked embarrassed.

How was he to tell the girl the truth without startling her?

Her mother had told him not to alarm her; but then Mrs. Ward supposed that her daughter was worrying over her unexplained disappearance.

Evidently the lady was ignorant that Conway had sent Edith Ward word that he had taken her mother on a pleasure trip.

It was clear to Dick that he had done that to make it appear that the lady had left the city in a bonafide way, and to allay any fears the young lady might have that anything had happened to her mother.

That was why the police had not been notified that Mrs. Ward had disappeared in a mysterious way.

While Miss Ward was looking at him inquiringly, he was trying to think of some way to let her know the actual facts without giving her a shock.

"No, I haven't come from the West Indies. I met your mother a few days ago on board a yacht, owned or chartered by George Conway, which at the time was anchored in the Sound within half a mile of the Long Island shore," he said, watching the effect of his words on the young lady.

Miss Ward looked incredulous.

If her mother was so close to home, surely she would have written to her.

"I'm afraid it was not my mother you met," she replied with a smile.

"I am sure it was, Miss Ward. The fact that George Conway, a Wall Street man, was in authority on board ought to be pretty good evidence."

The young lady had to admit that fact.

"If the yacht has returned from her cruise it is very strange that my mother has not written me," she said, with a perplexed look.

"Well, there are reasons why she hasn't," said Dick.

"What reasons?" asked the girl quickly. "Is she ill?"

"No. She gave me her home address and told me to call on you and tell you that she would be home soon. I should have called before this only I lost the address, and it is quite by accident—you slipping and me catching you—that we came together now," said Dick.

"But why didn't she write me a note? I never knew mother to act so strangely before. Are you sure there is nothing wrong with her?" she added anxiously. "Are you not keeping something back?"

"I have delivered your mother's message to you just as she instructed me to, Miss Ward. I only had the opportunity of speaking to her a short time, under unusual conditions. You see I and a friend were spending a week's vacation down at Manhasset village, and last Saturday, at the end of our stay, we went fishing in a sailboat. A storm came up, our boat was upset, and I only saved my life by getting hold of the cable of the Conway yacht. I got aboard after some difficulty, and while availing myself of Mr. Conway's hospitality for two or three hours I met your mother and she asked me to call on you and deliver her short message," said Dick.

"You say the yacht is anchored at Manhasset?"

"She was there up to the time I came ashore, but on the following morning she was gone."

"Have you any idea where she went?"

"Not the slightest."

"How long was she at Manhasset?"

"At least a week to my knowledge."

"And my mother never wrote to me, as she might easily have done; or sent for me to come down and visit the yacht for a few days. It is not like her to treat me that way. I am sure there is something the matter."

She looked down at the sidewalk for a moment or two, then suddenly seizing Dick by the arm, she said:

"You have not told me all. Is there anything the matter with my mother? Or are you deceiving me altogether?"

"Deceiving you, Miss Ward! What object could I have in doing that?"

"I don't know; but your message is so strange and unsatisfactory—so unlike what I might expect from my mother, that I can hardly credit your words."

"I have told you the truth."

"And have kept nothing back that I ought to know?" she said, earnestly.

Dick looked at the girl somewhat embarrassed.

He saw that she was not satisfied with the brief message from her mother, and he could not blame her.

He debated whether or not he had better tell her the whole truth so far as he knew it.

It was clear that she felt sure he was keeping something from her.

To leave her in such suspense was as bad, if not worse, than putting her in possession of all the facts.

At any rate his hesitation only made the matter worse.

Her eyes were searching his face in an anxious way.

He felt that he must tell her the truth.

"Miss Ward, I admit I have not told you everything."

"I thought so. But you will tell me, won't you?" she said appealingly.

"I'd rather not do it on the sidewalk here."

"Then it is something serious," she said, her face going white. "My mother is ill—very ill. I must—"

"She is not ill, at least not when I left her on Saturday night."

"Then what is the matter with her?"

"The matter is she is being detained on board the yacht by Mr. Conway against her will. There, now you have the truth."

"Detained against her will!" cried the girl, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes. She is a prisoner on board."

"Why, that seems ridiculous. Mr. Conway is a friend—"

"Your mother regards him in quite a different light. If you will take me into the parlor of your house I will explain all that I know about the case."

"Come, then. I am anxious to know what you have to say," said Miss Ward.

She led the way up the steps, and they entered the house together.

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK AND EDITH VISIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Reaching the parlor the young lady pointed to a chair beside one of the windows overlooking the avenue, and, seating herself opposite Dick, waited with not a little anxiety for him to go on.

"I will first introduce myself," began Dick, "for you ought to know who you have invited into your house. My name is Dick Duncan. I live at No. — West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, and I work for John Overy, stockbroker, of the Wheeler Building, Wall Street. Now I will go ahead."

He began his story from the moment when he was brushed off the wreck of the sailboat and caught the yacht's hawser.

Then he went on to tell how he made his way aboard the sloop, entered the cabin, vacant at the time, and saw the lady, who subsequently told him her name was Ward, and whom he heard addressed as Ethel by Conway, standing at the head of the companion stairs looking out at the storm.

He described the lady more minutely than before, and the girl admitted that the picture fitted her mother in every way.

Dick told her everything he went through on board the yacht with which her mother had a connection, explaining such facts about the Brotherhood of Gold as Mrs. Ward had imparted to him, not forgetting the incident of the drugged coffee.

To say that Edith Ward was astonished at his recital would be putting it quite mildly.

Indeed it is doubtful if she would have believed it but for the unaccountable silence of her mother, from whom she had received no communication, but Dick's meager and unsatisfactory message, in a month.

Dick's earnest way of telling his story helped to convince her, also, and when he finished she sat with hands clasped in her lap looking straight at him.

"My mother must be rescued," she said.

"That's right," nodded the boy. "That will be work for the police. I will go with you to Headquarters, and, now that I have fully established your mother's identity beyond the shadow of a doubt, tell my story to the chief of the detectives. Your testimony concerning your mother's absence from home, and her extraordinary silence toward you, as well as the note you received from Mr. Conway——"

"I'm afraid I destroyed the note at the time I received it," Edith said.

"That's too bad, as it would be a very material bit of evidence showing that Conway admitted the presence of your mother aboard of his yacht."

"I am very sorry, but I had no idea at the time that everything was not all right," said the girl.

"You needn't blame yourself, for it was natural that you should attach no vital importance to it. It was merely a friendly notification, apparently, that your mother had started unexpectedly on a short summer cruise with friends."

"Yes," she replied.

"At any rate, you can state that you received the note in question, and it is hardly likely that your word will be doubted. You will be able to tell enough to bear out the truthfulness of my statement that I know your mother is detained on board Conway's yacht against her will. That is the point we want to establish in order to get the police to move in her behalf."

There was a telephone in the house which Dick availed himself of to call up Police Headquarters and make an appointment with the chief of detectives for that evening.

Edith promised to be ready when he called for her, and the boy took his leave.

Shortly after supper he started for Mrs. Ward's residence, and he and Edith took a car for downtown.

At the time of which we write the headquarters of the police was situated at 300 Mulberry street, a locality inhabited by foreigners.

It was not the nicest neighborhood in the world for a young lady like Edith Ward to visit.

On their arrival they were shown into the chief's room, and that official presently appeared.

Dick told his story in as few words as possible, and Edith had her say.

The chief smiled at the mention of such an organization as "The Brotherhood of Gold."

It sounded rather queer to him.

He was still more incredulous when Dick asserted that it was composed of Wall Street men, headed by George Conway.

"You doubt the existence of such a combine?" said Dick.

"It doesn't seem reasonable," said the chief. "I don't believe such a thing could be organized in Wall Street."

"There are lots of combinations organized in Wall Street, and some of them are not over honest, either, though they manage to plunder the public in what is considered a legitimate way," said Dick.

"I dare say," replied the chief, dryly; "but as long as they keep within the limits of the law their actions can only be reviewed through the civil courts."

"Well, this Brotherhood of Gold is a criminal combine, and unless its methods are exposed soon you are liable to have a bunch of mysterious robberies in the financial district to employ the attention of your men."

The chief smiled incredulously.

"As a matter of fact, you have one already," went on Dick. "I refer to the case of Broker Overy, whose messenger I am. Three men, apparently gentlemen, visited his office yesterday morning, and, inside of ten minutes, got away with \$50,000 in gold and a like amount in gilt-edge securities. If this Brotherhood of Gold isn't at the bottom of this robbery I shall be much surprised."

The chief's easy smile faded.

He looked hard at Dick.

"I have two men working on that case," he said. "I expect to discover the thieves in a few days."

"I hope you will, for Mr. Overy has a grouch on a mile long, and everybody in the office suffers from it. But to return to Mrs. Ward. Are you going to make a move in her behalf?"

"Is the yacht still at Manhasset?"

"Not unless she returned there after I left the place. I don't believe that she returned. She is probably in some secluded anchorage within easy reach of this city."

"You say that Mr. Conway, whom you assert is the leading spirit of this alleged criminal organization, is on board of her?"

"Not at present, he isn't. I saw him come out of the Manhattan Building on Wall Street this afternoon with a well-dressed man, and I followed them uptown as far as Madison avenue, and," Dick mentioned the cross street, "Mr. Conway entered a tony-looking apartment house for gentlemen, so I imagine he stops there when he is in the city."

"Doing a little detective work on your own account?" said the chief with a covert smile.

"Well, I thought I'd try and find out where he was going."

"I doubt the existence of this Brotherhood of Gold, but the situation of your mother, young lady, is quite a different matter," said the chief. "At any rate, the testimony that you two have submitted to me warrants an investigation. I will put a man on the job. His first business will be to locate the yacht, after which he will proceed as his judgment dictates. I will send the officer in here now and you will tell him what you have told me, but you need not go into the Brotherhood matter with him. His instructions will confine his efforts entirely to Mrs. Ward. If he finds that the lady is prevented from leaving through the orders of Mr. Conway, he will know what to do."

The chief left the room and his place was presently taken by a small, weazel-faced man, who introduced himself as Brown.

Dick went over his story again for his benefit, and Edith added what she had already told the chief.

The sleuth asked Dick many questions, to which the boy gave frank replies.

Finally the man said that he would not detain them longer, so they left the building and took a Madison avenue car uptown.

Dick had already satisfied himself that Edith Ward was a very pretty girl, and gave promise of developing into as handsome a woman as her mother.

As Dick had a weakness for pretty girls, and particularly girls of refinement, he made himself as agreeable as he could to his fair companion.

Dick himself was a good-looking, manly young fellow, and his personal advantages were not altogether lost on Edith.

The fact that he worked in Wall Street was a recommendation, and the added fact that he had saved her from a nasty fall, that might have broken a limb or two, and otherwise disfigured her, appealed to her gratitude.

Altogether, she was pleased to have made his acquaintance, and when they reached her home, and he asked if he might call in case he had any encouraging news for her, she told him that she would be pleased to have him call whether he had any information to communicate or not.

CHAPTER XIV.

DICK TAKES A DESPERATE RISK

The rest of the week passed away without anything of special interest happening to Dick except the advance of M. & C. stock to 85.

That meant he was about \$400 better off in prospect.

Naturally he felt good, for \$400 was a lot of money to a boy of Dick's age.

The detectives working on the Overy robbery apparently made no great progress toward the capture of the thieves.

It had been kept out of the newspapers, and therefore Wall Street was not startled by it.

Dick had communicated over the 'phone with the chief of the detectives to find out what had been done toward the rescue of Mrs. Ward, but all the information he got was that the yacht had not been located.

Sunday evening he called on Edith Ward, and received a warm reception.

He told her what he had learned from Headquarters, which was not very encouraging, and the rest of the evening was spent in getting better acquainted with each other.

But there was a sensation coming in Wall Street.

Two wealthy brokers reached their offices for the first time in two weeks, and it wasn't long before each discovered that his safe had been cleaned out of all articles of value amounting in each instance to a considerable sum in the aggregate.

Neither safe showed any evidence of having been tampered with by crooks.

Both robberies were fully as mysterious as that committed on John Overy, and the chief of detectives was of the opinion that all three had been executed by the same thieves.

No attempt was made to hush these crimes up, and by noon on Monday the facts, as far as the reporters could find out, were printed under scare headings.

The news gave Wall Street quite a shock, and the brokers could talk of nothing else.

Next morning's papers were full of the three mysterious Wall Street robberies, and the topic continued the main subject of attention until noon, when a sudden rise in M. & C. attracted notice.

In an hour it jumped ten points.

The brokers forgot all about the robberies in their eagerness to buy the stock either for themselves or their customers.

When the news of the rise got uptown, a small army of lamb speculators came rushing down to get in on the bottom.

At two o'clock the price reached par, and at half-past two it was going at 106 1-2.

Dick, who had been in a fever of excitement since the boom started, thought that price good enough for him to get out on.

It would give him a profit of \$2,500, and make him worth nearly \$4,000.

As there was no telling when the tide would turn, he asked permission of the head book-keeper to go out to attend to some private business, and then hurried around to the little bank on Nassau street and gave in his order to sell his shares.

His order was attended to at once, and he returned to the office feeling as if a load was off his mind.

As he was leaving for the day the head book-keeper handed him a note to deliver at a business house on the water front above the Brooklyn Bridge.

He reached the place about four o'clock and handed in the note.

Having nothing particular on hand, he walked out on one of the wharves.

A sloop was loading on one side and Dick leaned up against one of the big piles and watched the operation.

While he was standing there an auto stopped at the head of

the wharf and a couple of gentlemen got out of it and walked down to the sloop.

They stopped on the other side of the pile within easy earshot of the boy.

"Do you think it's safe to trust the boxes aboard of this sloop, Conway?" said one of the newcomers.

At the mention of Conway, Dick peeped around the pile and beheld the Wall Street man, whom he believed was at the head of the Brotherhood of Gold, standing so close to him that he could have touched his arm if he had wanted to.

"Safe! Why not? They're just plain soap boxes. Not a soul will suspect what is in them. Besides, Caxton is going on the sloop to keep his eye on them, and see that they don't go astray," replied Conway.

"All right. You're the doctor. We look to you to see that things come out all right," said the other.

"I've done pretty well so far, haven't I?"

"Yes. You've got a pretty clever head. I always thought that scheme of having each member of our crowd wear a ring for identification purposes was a good one. The design you originated—a black enameled band with a pure gold setting—is first-class. And the pass-word, 'You are one of us, I see,' hits the nail on the head. By the way, it seems to me you are a long time working that woman for her money. When do you expect to get her signature to the papers?"

"To-night, I hope," replied Conway.

"Here comes the wagon with the boxes, and Caxton in charge."

The wagon in question rattled up and stopped.

Dick recognized Broker Caxton, of Broad street, and he would have been surprised to see him there but for the conversation he had overheard.

He now knew that Broker Caxton was a member of the Brotherhood of Gold.

He also knew that every man who bore a duplicate of the ring he found in the belly of the fish was connected with the Brotherhood, either directly or indirectly.

The meaning of those words which had puzzled him—"You are one of us, I see"—was quite clear now.

The French steward on board of the yacht, and Broker Caxton had noticed the emblem of the Brotherhood on his finger, and both supposed he was connected with the organization in some capacity.

He had a strong suspicion that the boxes in the wagon contained the plunder of the two recent robberies.

He was wrong in this supposition, and the fruits of those thefts was already in the hold of the yacht.

These boxes contained \$150,000 in gold, which had been adroitly obtained from the vault of a well-known bank that day on a forged order.

The fourth box contained bonds to the amount of \$100,000 which had been taken by the confidential clerk of a big brokerage house from the safe deposit vault, their place being filled with forged bonds of the same railroad.

The clerk, of course, was a member of the Brotherhood.

The boxes were carried aboard the sloop under the eye of Caxton, who took no notice of Conway or his companion, although he knew they were looking on.

The boxes were stowed in the hold on top of the last of the regular cargo, and then the hatches were put on.

Conway and his companion turned away, returned to their auto and started up the street.

Caxton took a seat aft, drew a cigar from his pocket and began to smoke.

Preparations were begun to get the sloop under way.

Then it was that Dick determined to go in her if he could.

At that moment his eye alighted on a small boiler lying near by which he had heard the captain say was to be secured on the deck of the sloop after the hatches were put on.

If he could open the door and crawl into that he would be able to secure free transportation on the vessel.

He had little time to consider the matter.

As he was a boy accustomed to act with promptness, he stooped down and opened the door of the boiler.

After a swift look around the wharf he crawled inside and pulled the door to.

In a few minutes the tackle was attached to the boiler and it was hoisted on board with its unsuspected stowaway crouching inside.

It was secured to the deck under the boom of the mainsail, and close to the hatchway by means of cleats and a pair of heavy pieces of rope.

Fifteen minutes later the sloop was unmoored from the

wharf and was slipping out into the East river, whither bound Dick Duncan knew not, nor did he care so long as he was brought in reach of the Conway yacht.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Although the destination of the sloop was unknown to Dick, he believed she was bound to some Long Island town.

Before he ventured to lift the door of the boiler to lookout, for he could not tell but one of the sailors might be standing close to it, or even leaning on it.

He looked around the deck.

The two sailors were forward smoking.

The captain was steering and talking to Broker Caxton.

The sloop passed through the Narrows, skirted Gravesend Bay, skimmed out on the lower bay, and was now practically on the edge of the broad Atlantic Ocean.

The sloop appeared to be a fast sailer, for she made good time.

When she was opposite Manhattan Beach the electric lights of the island began to glisten like a myriad of fireflies in the gathering dusk.

Darkness, under a cloudy sky, had set in before the sloop got abreast of Rockaway Beach.

The mast was close to the boiler, and Dick sat down and leaned his back against it, keeping his legs out of the way of any one who might step that way.

The skipper and Caxton came on deck for a smoke after their meal, and they paced up and down the weather side of the slanting deck.

"When do you expect to reach Jones' Inlet, cap'n?" asked the broker.

"If this wind holds, and I reckon it will, we ought to fetch it about ten o'clock," replied the skipper.

"The yacht lies just inside, I believe," said Caxton.

"She's anchored behind one of the islands."

More than two hours dragged away, and then the sloop was headed in toward the shore.

Twenty minutes later she passed through the inlet into the western arm of Great South Bay, and soon shot into a passage between two of the many islands in that vicinity.

Behind the larger one on the left appeared the triangular lights of the Conway yacht.

She was anchored close in to the shore.

"Yacht ahoy!" shouted the skipper as they approached.

"Ahoy!" came back from the yacht. "Is that the sloop Foam?"

"Ay, ay. We have some freight for you."

In a few moments the sloop ran up alongside of her and made fast.

"Hello, Caxton," cried the voice of Conway from the yacht.

"Hello," replied the broker; "we've got here."

"I see you have. I beat you by a couple of hours."

Conway had come down by rail to Long Beach, where he found a small naphtha launch waiting for him, which carried him to the yacht.

The sailors were already removing the hatch, and inside of five minutes were carrying the boxes to the deck of the yacht.

Dick had taken advantage of the darkness, and the fact that all hands were gathered amidships on both craft, to crawl around the edge of the sloop's deck and board the yacht at the stern.

Then he ran down the companion stairs and looked into the lighted cabin.

It was empty.

He remembered that the stateroom occupied by Mrs. Ward was marked B.

He darted over to it and found it locked, with the key on the outside.

He quickly turned the key and opened the door.

The lady, who was seated on her berth, apparently thinking, looked up and uttered an exclamation as she recognized him.

"You have come to save me," she said, eagerly.

"I have. Where is the revolver I left with you?"

"Here it is," she replied, taking it from under the end of the berth.

"I'll take it now, for we may have trouble before we can leave."

Mrs. Ward was ready to leave at a moment's notice, so she followed Dick into the cabin, and up the stairs to the quarter deck.

"It's lucky for us the night is cloudy and dark," whispered Dick. "Now step aboard the sloop and run down into her cabin through that opening facing the helm. I'll cover your movements and then will follow you."

The lady obeyed and was out of sight in a minute.

As Dick stepped on to the sloop after her, the sailors, having finished their work, were putting on the hatch again.

He slipped down the few steps and rejoined Mr. Conway's late prisoner.

Inside of a few minutes the sloop parted from the yacht and continued on her way toward a shore village on the bay about twenty-five miles further on.

The skipper did not make his appearance in the cabin for half an hour, and then his astonishment may be imagined when he found a fine looking woman and a well-dressed boy seated there.

"Well, well, where did you people come from?" he asked.

"From the yacht," replied Dick.

"The dickens! What brought you aboard?"

"We want to get ashore."

"Get ashore, eh? Couldn't you have gone to Long Beach in the yacht's launch?"

"Not very well at this hour."

"But I'm going to Bayville, and that's all of twenty-five miles east."

"That's all right, captain—Bayville suits us."

After some further conversation the captain withdrew to the deck, leaving Dick and Mrs. Ward together.

The boy seized the opportunity to tell the lady how he had met her daughter, and all that had happened since he last saw her.

The sloop hauled in at a small wharf at Bayville about three and made fast.

The skipper did not reappear in the cabin, but passed the rest of the night with his crew forward.

Dick and Mrs. Ward left the sloop about six and got a conveyance to take them to Bayport, on the Long Island Railroad.

From there Dick got into communication with Police Headquarters over the long distance phone, and as a result of his conversation a barge of detectives was presently sailing toward Jones' Inlet in a fast police boat.

When they reached the place where the yacht was anchored they went aboard without ceremony and put everybody under arrest.

The yacht was searched, and not only was all the plunder of the Brotherhood found on her, but a complete printing plant in the hold for manufacturing spurious railroad bonds.

By this time Dick and Mrs. Ward were back in New York, and they went directly to their homes.

The late editions of the afternoon papers had a full account of the capture of the yacht, and the plunder that had been stolen from Wall Street, and Dick's name figured prominently in it.

His full connection with the affair did not come out till Conway, Caxton and the crew of the yacht were brought up for examination in the Tombs.

Then Mrs. Ward appeared as a star witness against them, exposing all the business of the Brotherhood of Gold.

Next day Conway committed suicide in his cell.

Caxton secured his liberty under heavy bonds and disappeared.

The small fry were tried and sent to the State prison, though vigorously defended by able counsel, but the other principals eluded detection.

John Overy, the other brokers, and the bank recovered all their losses.

They expressed their gratitude to Dick by making up a \$50,000 purse and presenting it to him.

The first thing Dick did was to hand his mother a substantial sum to buy the cozy house in the Bronx he had had in his mind's eye for some time.

A few months later "Old Daddy Dollars" retired from Wall Street, and Dick secured a fine position in the bank whose funds he had been the means of saving.

In the course of time he and Edith decided that they were intended for each other, and Mrs. Ward offered no objection when Dick asked her for her daughter's hand.

Eventually the young people were married and went to live with Mrs. Ward.

Next week's issue will contain "ED, THE EXPRESS BOY; OR, HIS OWN ROUTE TO FORTUNE."

GOOD READING

RECORD GOLD CARGO

The Lamport and Holt liner Vauban sailed for Argentine and Uruguay ports June 21, with \$15,125,000 in gold aboard, the greatest single cargo of the metal which was ever taken out of New York Harbor by one vessel, according to financial experts.

The Vauban sailed from Pier 8, Brooklyn. The shipments were taken to her from the Sub-Treasury vaults under a heavy guard of Federal and private detectives during the night and Friday afternoon.

The largest previous cargo of gold out of this port was taken by the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, just before the declaration of war between Germany and England in August, 1914, which was approximately \$10,000,000. The Cecilie was driven back to Portland, Me., by the wireless advices of the declaration of war.

Bankers said recently that the removal of the war ban on gold shipment accounted for the shipping out of New York of more than \$100,000,000 in gold in the past few weeks.

HOUND FINDS GIRL.

The five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Reneau of Coyote Valley, Cal., has a narrative to relate after spending a day and a night alone in the hills several miles from her home.

The little one was picking wild flowers on her father's farm when she wandered away and night overtook her. Efforts of the parents to find the girl proved unavailing, after which a searching party was organized among the neighbors and all night they scoured the hills with lanterns, but no trace of her was found.

On the evening of the second day, when she had been away from her home for twenty-six hours, the searchers were led to her whereabouts by a blood-hound. The little one was found asleep under a large manzanita bush several miles from the Reneau home. She is now little worse for her adventure.

NUT TREES FOR SHADE.

The Michigan Legislature recently passed a law to encourage the planting of nut-bearing and other food-producing shade trees along the State trunk highways and other roads built in that State. The law makes it the duty of the State Highway Commission and the State Commission of Agriculture to look after the setting out of such trees and of the State Agricultural College and the Public Dominion Commission

to distribute stock at nominal cost to local officials and private individuals who will set them out. Trees are to be planted at intervals of 20 to 440 feet along the roads.

Injuring roadside trees or affixing notices of any kind to them is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine of \$1 to \$25 and imprisonment of not more than 30 days. This law is in keeping with the policy of encouraging tree planting announced by the United States Department of Agriculture, the department of the Federal Government that administers the Federal and road law in co-operation with the States.

THE PRAIRIE DOG

The prairie dog is a curious and entertaining little fellow. His color is a light reddish gray, the under side of the neck and belly being lighter than the other parts. The legs are short and the breast and shoulders wide. The ears, too, are short, as if they had been cropped; and the jaw is furnished with a pouch to contain feed, but this pouch is not so large as that of the common squirrel. The two inner toes of the prairie dog's forefeet are long, sharp, and well adapted to digging.

From the tip of his nose to the root of his shaggy little tail, the prairie dog measures about one foot, but his tail itself measures nearly four inches. While clumsy of form, the prairie dog is, nevertheless, most active and digs with great activity. Colonies of these creatures live in the ground, generally six or eight, and their holes are sometimes quite deep.

When at rest they sit upright on their haunches, seemingly with great confidence, barking with a fretful and harmless intrepidity at every intruder that may approach. The noise they make resembles that of a pet dog and is both shrill and sharp.

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SKY-SCRAPER DICK

—OR—

THE PERILS OF A YOUNG MECHANIC

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

Dick's eyes flashed, for he could not control his wrath. However, he was helpless, except to clench his bruised hands, for that daring leap had taken toll from his arms as well as body.

"Oh, I'll get that chap and smash him!" cried the young iron worker. "I know who's to blame for this whole business."

The Irish assistant laughed softly to himself, closing his eyes as if to conjure up a happy vision.

"What's the joke?" asked Dick, a little impatiently.

"Well, the joke is that what's lift av that Swede is restin' peacefully in this same hospital, fer the gang wint fer him. An' Oi'm proud ter say that Terence Oonahue's initials were carved on his nose wid this very fist!"

He chuckled over the memory, but Dick still felt that it was no laughing matter.

Evidently the nurse thought so, too, for she came into the room again, and put her rosy lips as a signal to Terence.

"This young man is suffering from some broken ribs. He was lucky not to be injured internally, from the terrible leap they say he made. Anyway, you must go now, and not tire him out too much, please."

Terence nodded. Then he suddenly remembered the message which he had been especially commissioned to deliver.

He leaned over Dick's ear to whisper the joyous tidings, with his quaint Irish phiz twisted into the jolliest grin imaginable.

CHAPTER V.

DICK'S FINE PROMOTION.

"Me lad," said the Irishman, "ye have been given a foine job on the works of the Apollo Building. It's shure a grand raise in the world fer ye."

Dick was astonished. He knew with what hatred he was now regarded by Mr. Montague, his employer and the idea of a promotion after the scene that morning struck him as ridiculous.

"Quit your kidding, Terence," said Dick. "I'm lucky if I get my old place back when I'm well."

"Shure, and 'tis not wid yer old place. The engi-

neer, Mister Beckwith, has stoped in, and now there is no more of the job fer old Montague."

"You don't mean it!" gasped Dick.

"Shure, an' Oi do mean it," said Terence, waving back the nurse. "Lady, this is too important news fer the young man ter miss. It will help him better than all yer drugs!"

He looked down at the astonished Dick.

"Mister Beckwith has found out that Montague has been doping the iron work. He has had the owner, Louis Hammond, over to see the bum iron that old Montey was handin' in!"

A smile overspread the features of Dick Donaldson, as he waited for more. This news was indeed as good as a stimulant for the injured lad.

"What happened then?" he breathed eagerly.

"Well, ter cut off the nose of a long story, the ould man lost his contract. And instead the wurruk has been given to a new firm, which is the only wan in the country that has the right materials to go on wid, as fixed in the specifications."

Dick's smile as now a very extensive one, and he laughed merrily.

"Gaith, an' it's funny that yer seein' somethin' funny!" said the Hibernian. "Ye don't even know the firm's name."

However, although this was true to the letter, Dick Donaldson knew who one member of this "dark horse" firm was—no other than himself.

He said nothing. He merely thought to himself, knowing that by just such quick turns of generalship many a great fortune is founded.

"Is it much of a contract?" asked Dick finally, after thinking the matter over.

"Yes," said the Irishman. "The engineer, Beckwith, is a partner of the firm, which he calls the Babel Construction Company, and which he had given a fine bond for."

"Well, Beckwith has surely been hustling things since I was banged around. It's only a few hours," said Dick, "yet here I'm out of the old work."

"But there's the part that concerns ye," said Donahue. "You and Oi don't care a whoop about the matter that the new firm has got half agin as much fer their iron to put into the building, owing to the need for speed. But you are to be building superintendent of the iron work, whoile Oi am ter be the foreman."

Dick grasped his faithful assistant's horny hand, and looked into the Irishman's honest eyes with a fond glance.

"Terence, you're a noble fellow," he cried. "I'll wager that you have been booming my game to beat the band, and that you said many a good word for me."

The Irishman's blush proved the truth of this guess. And although Dick knew that he did not need the assistant's influence for his own advancement, yet it gave him a happy feeling to know that he had a humble and honest friend to help along the game without hope of reward.

"A fellow seldom has friends who are under him, Terence," declared Dick. "Generally there are about forty fellows after every good job, and then every man under that good job is trying to nab it, too, and queer the lad who holds it."

"Right ye are," said Terence. "But as it's late, Oi must be gettin' along to my ould Misses or she'll think Oi've been blowed up in a blast! Oi'll see ye to-morrow some time."

"Good-by, Terence," said Dick. "I'll be back on the job myself to-morrow morning, as sure as fate!"

But fate doesn't always seem to be sure—and in this case Dick Donaldson spent many a weary day in the hospital, before his normal strength had helped cure the broken ribs.

In that time he was visited every day by his mother, in company with Elizabeth Montague, his sweetheart, who insisted on seeing him.

In this way, Dick had nothing whatever to say about it. He had declared to old man Montague that he would never darken his doors without permission to court his beautiful daughter.

But now Elizabeth had taken matters into her own hands, and without her father's knowledge, she had sent down flowers and sweets to the hospital, and her sweet charity had gone to the other patients, because Dick insisted on sharing his blessings.

At last came the day for his release from this temporary prison, as it surely felt to the impatient youth.

He was pronounced well, and the doctor and nurses followed him to the doorway.

"Good-by—now, don't try any of those fancy Australian dives off that skyscraper!" called the doctor after the lad.

"You can wage your bottom penny that I'll not run any more risks," sang out our friend. "It's little Richard for a safe job as superintendent after this."

But here again fate did not come out as sure as Dick had expected. He was destined to have even more exciting times in this very same building before many days had passed.

It was well that our friend had such fortitude and hope, for the need for courage and gameness was soon to be shown in a surprising and unpleasant manner.

"Hurrah for our new superintendent!" bellowed the men on the new building, when Dick finally hopped off the car and approached the structure.

The cry went up higher and higher, for the structure had gone up rapidly since Dick's accident. The men swarmed to the front of the building and yelled themselves hoarse.

The same old crew had been kept, for the most part, and they were surely glad to see Dick.

"What's ailin' them fellers?" asked an old countryman. "I thought election was a good deal further off. This looks like a reg'lar political gatherin'!"

It was better than that, however. It was merely an example of the brotherly feeling which really exists among the better workmen of America, and proved their admiration for gallantry and honest worth.

Dick thanked them, and made a still greater hit by hustling into the little chart-house, by the sidewalk, in which the office of the construction was located.

Here he donned a jumper, and without more ado, started up the lift to the upper floors of the building, in order to have a look at the progress of the work.

"I've got a terrible task," said Dick, who was accompanied by the owner, Mr. Hammond, and Fletcher, the architect. "It will take a little high-brow work to really find out where they all are. It doesn't pay to miss a day in building a skyscraper, for they sure hustle some."

"You will do, my lad," said Hammond. "The things I have heard about you must have made your ears burn constantly. However, I'm with you to help in every respect. I trust you implicitly, and you can count on my support in everything."

Dick thanked him.

"I'll do my best, and I believe that we can finish the iron work at the upper part of the building, in time to win the bonus of \$5,000, which was offered for the rapid work."

The owner smiled.

"I will make on it if you do, for I can rent out the space that much quicker. Well, go ahead and look over your men on every floor."

Dick left the lift, at the eighth story. The great structure was to go up ten more stories, and the iron work had been carried up this far, so that it looked like a great skeleton of a building.

Down on the lower stories they were starting to build in the walls of brick and stone, but higher up the men went from one broad beam to another, like nimble spiders.

There were no floors put in there yet, and they walked across the beams as steadily as if they had been on solid ground.

"Well, boys, you've stolen a march on me," said Dick, as he shook hands all around. "I'll have to work double now to catch up with the parade. But we'll all be friends, won't we?"

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

NO ONE TO PUT IN JAIL

"What good is a jail when there is no one to put in it?" This query was sprung by Mayor Poorman, and when he failed to get answers from other officials he announced he would recommend that the old city jail in the basement of the City Hall be abandoned and the space be repaired and converted into office rooms for the City Building Commission.

"The jail is of no use now," said Mayor Poorman. "It has only been used for several years for drunks and slackers and now we have none of these. The new jail is sufficiently large to take care of all prisoners," the Mayor added.

There were no prisoners in jail last night and for the first time in recent years no prisoners were marshalled into police court this morning.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

How would you like to fly? Do you realize that the flying age has come and that airplanes are going to be as common as automobiles? "Over there" thousands were used. You have heard of the thrilling fighting they did but do you know that most of the time the flyers were sent out to take photographs? The cameras on the airplanes were the "eyes of the army." The enemy could hide nothing from them. They looked down from above and made a perfect record of every movement of the enemy. The photographs showed his trenches, his machine-gun emplacements, his long range artillery and the location of many other things that it was necessary for us to know. But the making of photographs from the air was not easy. It had to be developed and perfected and thus sprung up the science of aerial photography.

Flying is going to be the big game in the army and you can depend upon it also that your Uncle Sam is going to do wonderful things with the aid of this new and intensely fascinating science of aerial photography, for this product of the war is not for war only but promises to be even more useful during peace. Its possibilities are unlimited. From aerial photographs you can make better maps than by the old methods. From the air you can photograph and survey inaccessible areas, obtain comprehensive views of great construction projects and watch the progress of the work. You can study stream and coast lines, railways and highways, and locate uncharted sand bars and other dangers to navigation and do half a hundred other useful things. Why not become an aerial photographer and earn while you learn?

The army will have a school of aerial photography and expert aerial photographers from "over there"

will be the instructors. The school will be located in a pleasant part of the country, with the best of living conditions. Uncle Sam will give you absolutely free your food, clothing, lodging and instruction, and pay you besides. Those that wish to fly and can make good photographs from the air may be placed on flying status and receive an increase of 50 per cent in their pay. The pay is "velvet" and will be according to the following table:

Grade	Non-flying Status Flying Status	
	Per month	Per month
Master Electrician	\$81.00	\$121.50
Sergeant, 1st class	51.00	76.50
Chauffeur, 1st class	51.00	76.50
Sergeant	44.00	66.00
Chauffeur	44.00	66.00
Corporal	36.00	54.00
Private, 1st class	33.00	49.50
Private	30.00	45.00

Opportunities for promotion are excellent. In a photographic section there will be a comparatively large number of non-commissioned officers of the grades shown in the table. After one year's service the unmarried soldier who is under thirty years of age, is a citizen of the United States, is physically sound and of good moral character, is eligible to compete for provisional appointment as second lieutenant and thus begin a career for life, if he so desires, as an army officer.

Men who have served in the regular army or in the emergency army are privileged to enlist for one year or for three years (as they choose) without being listed thereafter in the reserve as available for future service if necessary. Those who have never served in the army may enlist for three years.

Vacancies exist in aerial photographic units or sections in Honolulu, Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Panama and in different parts of the United States, and therefore there is opportunity for varied travel. With this and with liberal furlough privileges during peace, free food, clothing, lodging, medical attention and healthful recreation and a steady job with no lay-offs, the wide-awake young man will realize that a very attractive offer is being made to him.

If you decide to enlist in this attractive branch of the army, you should apply to the nearest army recruiting officer. Recruits will eventually be sent to the aerial photographic recruit depot at Langley Field, Hampton, Virginia, for instruction in photography.

If information is desired in addition to that furnished by the recruiting officer, write to the Office of the Director of Air Service, U. S. Army, Photographic Branch, Washington, D. C.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

TICKLISH TUNNELING.

A very interesting bit of tunneling was recently done on the 14th street tube under the East River, New York. The heading was being run in rock and at one point test holes showed a thickness of only eight inches of sound dry rock above the line along which the top of the tunnel was to run. As the tunnel was being driven without the use of compressed air it was decided to drop the upper heading four feet until this thin cover of rock was passed. The cast-iron lining was set at each side of this section and then the rock was removed very carefully by using a great many holes each loaded with about one-eighth of a stick of dynamite. As each bit of rock was removed to the arch the tunnel lining was set in place. By this means the dangerous section was tunneled without breaking through the thin shell.

THREE HUSBANDS LOST

A negro woman is drawing three \$57.50 checks, or \$172.50 a month, from the Government for the loss of three husbands during the war, and will draw that amount for twenty years.

Mrs. Amanda Jones' husband died of spinal meningitis soon after entering the service and taking out a \$10,000 insurance policy.

The widow Jones married a man named Smith. He took out a maximum life insurance policy in her favor and was killed in action.

Then Mrs. Amanda Jones-Smith married Private Jackson, a returned soldier, who also named her in a \$10,000 policy. Influenza made her a widow a third time in less than two years. The War Risk Bureau declines to make known her address, fearing it might embarrass her.

PERSHING STADIUM GIVEN TO FRANCE

General Secretary Carter of the Y. M. C. A. presented Pershing Stadium to the American Army on June 22. General Pershing received the stadium on behalf of the American Expeditionary Force and then presented it to the French people. General Pershing recalled that June 22 was the second anniversary of the arrival of the first contingent of American combatant forces in France. He said he hoped the stadium would become a permanent testimonial of American esteem and an enduring monument to the sportsmanlike spirit that had inspired and sustained France throughout the war. The stadium was built on ground provided by France at Joinville-le-Pont in Vincennes, a suburb of Paris, at a cost of 400,000, two-thirds of which was contributed by the Y. M. C. A. As a part of the ceremonies there was a parade of athletes of eighteen Allied nations and picked battalions of the French and American armies

that marched before President Poincare, General Pershing and General Bliss. Among the American troops which marched were crack detachments from the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Divisions, which had been drilled specially for this parade.

THE FIRST GREAT STEAMSHIP

The huge steamship Great Eastern, at that time by far the largest ever built, left England for New York on her first Atlantic voyage, fifty-nine years ago. From the first her career was unfortunate, the launching alone costing \$300,000. After several unremunerative trips to New York she was employed as a troopship and then as a cable-laying vessel. Various attempts were afterward made to utilize her, but at last she came to be a mere holiday spectacle, and in 1888 she was broken up. Experts declared that the experience with the Great Eastern conclusively proved that such gigantic steamships were failures. The length of the Great Eastern was 680 feet, while the Mauretania and Lusitania were each 790 feet; the Olympic, sister ship of the lost Titanic, 882 feet; the Cunarder Aquitania 885 feet, and the Imperator 900 feet. In a paper read before the International Navigation Congress, held in 1912, it was predicted by a Dutch expert that ships 1,500 feet in length would be seen within a few years. Events, however, have not vindicated this prophecy.

NEW THINGS

The Spanish Government is planning to drain and reclaim for agriculture nearly 100,000 acres of land near the mouth of the Guadalquivir River, the work requiring nearly ten years.

To warn motorists of danger at night on unlighted roads a signal has been invented that reflects through red glass rays that it receives from automobile headlights.

So that a bicyclist can use his machine for gunning a Frenchman has invented a support to hold it still while he is firing his gun.

Invented by a New York man, a camera attachment permits up to eight different photographs being taken on the same film without interference.

Italy has only one-third as many telephones in proportion to population as France and only slightly more than one-sixth as many as Great Britain.

A recently patented bottle is made from a single sheet of paper that is so folded and pressed into shape that there are no weak joints to permit leakage.

Argentine manufacturers are arranging to establish the first paper plant in that country.

An electric heating pad has been invented that can be fastened under the carpet in a room.

STEVE WESTON'S GHOST

By D. W. Stevens.

"Five years in the State Penitentiary!"

That was the sentence which sent a thrill through the little Corryton court-room on that dismal December afternoon.

Squire Miller, the prosecutor, and the richest man in Corryton, sent a quick glance at the prisoner, a young man sitting with his curly head bowed into his hands miserably, and then turned uneasily to the fair-faced girl at his side—his daughter.

Everybody in the room looked quickly at the same quiet figure; everybody in the room felt a compassionate sympathy as she threw up her hands with a little moan, and fell heavily to one side.

The squire bent over her hastily, lifted her in his arms, and carried her through the staring crowd out to the shelter of his high-topped buggy, with a last frowning glance at the prisoner, who had raised his handsome head and watched the unconscious form in the squire's arms, with his blue eyes misty and his lips trembling.

"Curious case—curious case," said the little judge, watching the young man as he walked away unsteadily upon the sheriff's arm, and addressing a spectator, who, not being a Corrytonian, had witnessed only the denouement. "I'm sorry for Weston, bad as he is, and I'm sorry for poor little Susy Miller."

"She was engaged to him; they'd have been married by this time if it hadn't been for this," the little judge went on, seeing that his hearer was interested. They fell in love the first minute they saw each other—two years ago, when Steve Weston came here and bought the shoe factory.

"The squire never did like it. He said he didn't want his girl marrying a fellow that nobody knew much about; that might turn out to be a thief or a vagabond, for all they knew."

"And he did prove to be?" said the listener eagerly.

"He did," the judge responded, solemnly. "It was a month ago it happened. He took a thousand dollars out of the squire's bureau one night, slick as a pin. Oh! no, there ain't no particle of doubt that he was the one. The squire woke up and saw him plain as day, just as he was stepping out through the window. They didn't find the money on him, of course—he was too sharp for that; but there was evidence enough against him without it."

"The strangest part, after all, is about the girl. She won't believe a word against him—not a word. It's my opinion she'll wait the five years out, and marry him then."

"We're home, Susy," said Squire Miller. He dropped the lines, stepped from the buggy, and lifted his daughter to the ground gently.

"Don't look like that, Susy," he said, taking her hands and looking into her white face imploringly. "Don't, my girl. Remember what you've escaped—a common thief—a——"

"Stop, father," said the girl, quietly, and she pulled her hands away and met his eyes steadily. "He is not a thief! Do you think you can convince me of that—you or all the world—when he has told me that he is innocent? I will not hear it. Surely, father"—she looked up pitifully—"surely I have enough to bear without that."

The squire was thinking it over sadly as he unhitched the horse, in the dim light of the hay-filled barn, led him into the stable, and pulled down a bundle of fodder from the upper loft.

Then it was that his reverie was suddenly, strangely interrupted.

A figure which had been lying unseen upon the hay in a further corner of the barn rose up hastily, shook itself with a muttered sound and disappeared through a small back door into the stable-yard; and against the cold light of the winter sky the squire, gazing with startled eyes, saw the well-known face and form of Steve Weston!

He made his way hurriedly to the little door through which the figure had disappeared, with a chill creeping over him; but the stable-yard was empty—the figure was gone.

The squire locked the barn in a dazed way, and went into the house.

What was it he had seen? Was not Steve Weston safe in the little Corryton lock-up, in readiness for his transportation to the State prison on the morrow? Could there be such a thing as the ghost of a living person? Had he seen Steve Weston's ghost? The squire was strangely nervous.

"Sit down—sit down!" said the squire's wife—a motherly little woman, taking the teapot from the stove as the squire came in. "You must be hungry. Come, Susy."

But the squire was not hungry. He sat silent and serious.

"I will go upstairs, mother," said Susy at last, rising wearily. "I—I am tired."

Her mother's eyes filled as the door closed behind her.

"She is breaking her heart," she said, despairingly.

The squire sat in silence. He looked toward the barn apprehensively. Should he see the apparition again? He shuddered at the thought of it.

Putting on his great-coat, the squire went into the street. A light snow was falling, and the wind cut sharply through the bare trees. The squire drew himself together with a shiver, and quickened his steps.

Something beside the wind and the light sound of the falling snow struck his ear—a footstep, following him softly and coming nearer at every moment.

The squire turned with a strange tremor, and saw—what, by some dreadful instinct, he had known he

should see—Steve Weston's tall form; with his hat down low over his eyes and closely folded arms. The squire turned away quickly, with a gasp of horror.

It was bright and jovial as ever at the post-office.

The sheriff sat by the little wood-stove, which was growing red-hot under its constant replenishing, talking comfortably to the listening group around him. "Yes, sir, Weston's broke down; completely broke down," he was saying impressively. "When we got him to the lockup this afternoon, he just——"

The door opened sharply, and the squire, pale and wild-eyed, came in, walked down the room unsteadily, and sat down among them, looking from one to the other in a strange alarming way.

The squire turned to the sheriff.

"Your prisoner?" he said, with agitated abruptness. "He—he has not escaped?"

"He's safe, squire," the sheriff responded, reassuring. "He won't trouble you again. I left him about fifteen minutes ago; and I was just telling the boys how low-spirited——"

But the squire was not listening. He sat staring with wide eyes through one of the windows, at a figure which stood motionless outside, darkly distinct against its snowy background—a figure with slouched hat and folded arms.

"Do you see it?" he said hoarsely, and pointed toward the window with a trembling hand. "It's his—his ghost!"

As he spoke the figure moved slowly out of sight, and the little group, turning with startled faces, saw nothing but a broad, white surface, with a straggling fence in the distance.

The sheriff looked at his companions solemnly, with a slow shake of the head. "You ain't feeling well, squire," he said gravely. "This business has been too much for you, and no wonder. I should just advise you now, squire, to go home and go to bed, and try to forget it."

The squire got up slowly.

"I—think I will," he said, and he went out slowly.

Was he losing his senses? Even as these thoughts came to him he heard that stealthy step behind him. The figure had followed closely; it stood motionless only a few feet away. And as he looked it came forward slowly and stood almost at his elbow.

The squire, hardly knowing what he did, sprang at the apparition, dashed its folded arms apart, and caught at the throat, and felt the warm contact of living flesh and blood.

"Let me go!" were the low spoken words he heard.

Then, as he slowly relaxed his hold—struck by the knowledge that the voice was not Steve Weston's—something in his captive's hand flashed before his eyes; he saw him place a pistol to his own forehead, calmly—and the shot rang out!

Somehow—he never knew quite how—the squire, with both arms around the sinking form, pulled and dragged and lifted it through the deepening snow,

marked by a red track as they went, up the walk and into the house, and saw his wife, frightened and speechless, and Susy, pale and startled, come into the room.

The squire turned the lamp higher, with a shaking hand, and looked down at the prostrate figure.

He was a small man of some thirty years, with a likeness to Steve Weston in form and feature which was startling; with the same height, the same breadth of shoulders, the same delicately molded face and the same curling hair. But the face was older, and more careworn; there were harder lines about the mouth and eyes, deeper hollows in the cheeks; and there was none of that genial brightness which had won pretty Susan Miller.

His white lips moved slightly, and the squire bent over him.

The man, with a painful effort, raised himself on his elbow, looking from one to another feebly.

"I didn't want to be taken, you see," he said weakly. "I followed you up to make a confession, but I didn't count on being taken—and I shan't be"—pointing to his wound with ghastly significance.

The squire stood speechless.

A strange suspicion floated through his mind. Was not this man, with his startling resemblance to Steve Weston, the man he had seen stepping swiftly through the window on that unhappy night? Was not this the form he had caught a quick glimpse of—this the face that had turned for a moment upon him.

The man with his eyes fixed upon the squire's face, and seeming to read his thoughts, nodded feebly.

"You've guessed it—it was me that took your money," he said quietly. The mistake was natural. He looked up, with a wan attempt at a smile.

The squire groaned. But Susy, leaning upon her mother's shoulder, and bending forward with parted lips, uttered a faint cry of joy and triumph.

"I got on Steve's track to see if I could get something out of him," the man went on, monotonously. "He was doing better than I've ever done; I'm the bad one of the family. They think I've been dead for years, and I've let them think so."

"I saw him leave here that night," he went on, painfully. "I was going to try him then and see what he'd do for me, when it struck me there might be something to be got out of the house. Well, I tried it, and I did it up well, and went away without bothering Steve. But when I heard that they'd taken him—I've never had anything against him, and I couldn't feel easy till I'd come—till I'd come——"

His low words ceased, his lips parted once or twice inaudibly, and he fell back heavily—dead.

Somebody else fell, with a little joyful cry, to the floor; and the squire, turning, saw Susy lying there senseless, with something almost like a smile upon her unconscious face.

There was a quiet wedding at the squire's big house a month later.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1919.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

If the war, as expected, had lasted into the year 1919, ordnance for our army would have been pouring into France on an enormous scale; for the War Department had \$14,000,000,000 worth of orders for ordnance on its books, of which about half had been practically completed when the armistice was signed. It was enormously costly work; but it has left us with a magnificent reserve of ordnance as a safeguard for the future, and all of it is thoroughly modern and includes the latest developments of the war.

A tornado visited the town of Dewart, it is reported at Williamsport, Pa. A two-story brick schoolhouse was unroofed and the top story blown off. The pupils of the second story had been taken downstairs for an examination and escaped. Damage to the amount of \$15,000 was done to the farm of Edward Russel, where the roof of the house was blown off and was found in a field a mile and a half away. Five men who were in the barn crawled under a wagon and were buried, but the wagon saved their lives. An automobile was blown 150 feet. About thirty fruit trees were uprooted.

A protest has recently been raised against the time-honored project of adopting the goldenrod as the national flower of the United States, on the ground that this plant is a cause of hay fever and hence nothing ought to be done that would encourage its prevalence. A statement has now been issued by Dr. W. Scheppegrell, on behalf of the American Hay-fever Prevention Association, in defense of the goldenrod. It is asserted that while the pollen of the goldenrod may cause trouble when applied directly to the nostrils or used in large quantities for room decorations, as a cause of hay fever out of doors it is absolutely negligible. "It is one of our most beautiful flowers," says Mr. Scheppegrell, "and well merits its selection as the national flower of the United States."

A tobacco pipe of unusual design has been invented by Warren Murray Baechtel, of Hagerstown, Md., says Popular Science Monthly. Every pipe smoker knows that the longer the stem of his pipe the cooler will be the smoke. Pipes with stems a few feet long have been in use in different countries for many years, but their awkward length precluded their use outside of the house. The inventor of the pipe circumvented the difficulty by coiling the stem of the pipe like the tube of a cornet or signal horn. The coils are connected at their lower end to form a dripping chamber for receiving the saliva which accumulates in the stem. Each coil has an independent opening into the dripping chamber and a screw cap at the bottom gives access to it for the removal of the accumulated saliva. The smoke in passing through the coils of the stem is drained several times of saliva and nicotine.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Walter (to departing customer in fashionable restaurant)—How did you find the steak to-night, Mr. Jenks? Sarcastic Customer—Oh, easy enough; I brought a spyglass with me.

"But, Freddie, I don't see that you need be so heartbroken because Mabel Flyaway has jilted you." "It isn't jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass—With Care'."

"No, Jack, I'm afraid it's impossible. We should never get on well together. You know I always want my own way so much." "Well, that's all right. You could go on wanting it after we were married."

As the pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Harris touched his hat to her and remarked to his companion: "Ah, my boy; I owe a great deal to that woman." "Your mother?" was the query. "No; my landlady."

Pat—This is the foist time innny of these corporations hev done innnything to binnefit the working-man. Mike—How is that, Pat? Pat—It is this sivin-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from me work and savin' tin cints, and now I kin save fourteen cints.

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw!" exclaimed the bald-headed parent. "Well, papa," replied the youngster, "you can't expect me to get things into my head as quick as you do, 'cause you don't have the trouble of getting them through your hair."

"What would you like me to bring you?" asked Freddy's mother, who was about to start on a shopping tour. "I think I'd like some building blocks," replied the youngster. "And, mamma, see if you can get the kind that make a church. I might want to play with them on Sunday."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

HE GOT HIS MONEY BACK.

Angelo Pollick, a Gloucester City, N. J., huckster, does not believe in banks, and when he received \$600 from the sale of a small house on South Broadway one night recently he turned the money over to his brother Frank, also a huckster. The latter lost it on his rounds. Angelo saw his long-planned trip to Italy gone, and the brothers remained up all night, especially Angelo. The next morning they started out on the route, looking and inquiring everywhere. When they reached Market Street twelve-year-old Mary Daly, daughter of former Constable Thomas Daly, No. 318 Market Street, asked them if they had lost anything, and when they described the money she ran into the house and brought out the bag.

The child had been hunting several hours for the owner, as she had found the bag in the yard of her home. The brothers cried with joy, kissed the child and hurried off to the police station and told the police that they had found an honest child. Angelo will get his trip to Italy to see his sister and little Mary will ride a new bicycle as her reward. The money was put in a safe place until Angelo leaves.

LARGE SALARY PAID TO A COLORED MAN

The prolonged street car strike in Toronto brought into the public eye probably the most successful colored business man in Canada. He is Fred Hubbard, Assistant General Manager of the Toronto Street Railway, who draws a salary of some \$8,000 a year, certainly the highest salary paid to any negro in Toronto and probably in Canada.

Fred Hubbard's grandparents were natives of Virginia who moved to Canada some years before the Civil War. His father took an interest in municipal affairs and year after year was elected as alderman and controller and one occasion was acting mayor. He became a municipal authority and his color never prevented him from getting votes. Fred Hubbard entered the municipal city service and when his chief was appointed general manager of the street railway company, Hubbard was one of two clerks he took with him as secretary. He was rapidly promoted until he reached his present position.

The population of negroes in Toronto and everywhere in Canada, except in the Windsor peninsula, is exceedingly small, for they can't stand the winters, but quite a number have always worked for the Toronto Street Railway under Hubbard.

ARE PRAIRIE DOGS INTELLIGENT?

It is an amusing sight to observe the prairie dogs come out of their holes and sit with their tiny fore-

feet dangling upon their breasts, a posture that gives them the appearance of little old men taking their ease with folded arms. These nimble busy-bodies run from hole to hole like gossips making their rounds and hurrying as if the news they conveyed could on no account be delayed.

They chatter with one another and seem to brush their gray whiskers in a knowing sort of way while exchanging comments. The young ones are easily trained, are quite intelligent, and most affectionate when once their confidence has been gained.

People who live in the sections where prairie dogs flourish aver that if any animals can talk to one another, these are surely the ones, for it really seems as if one could hear them carrying on a conversation. They proceed from hole to hole, stopping for a short time to say a few words to an acquaintance, and then, with two or three shakes of their tails, away they go to the next hole.

Sometimes a whole family of prairie dogs will emerge to observe the passage of a stranger, and on such occasions they look for all the world like a well-to-do family of the country. The mother is, of course, the central figure, surrounded by her promising offspring, while the father appears somewhere in the background.

BEAVERS PLENTIFUL IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Beaver are becoming so plentiful in the Adirondacks that residents are urging the State Conservation Commission to permit an open season for their killing. They are said to be not only injuring handsome trees on private property, but to be destroying the beauty of many lakes by raising the water level and killing many trees along the water's edge. Beaver dams also have in many cases flooded low sections of highways and low-lying deer yards that have been in use for many years. They are also spreading into the Catskill Mountains and re-establishing themselves after an absence of more than a hundred years. No damage is reported yet from the Catskills but the Adirondacks is full of complaints about these industrious and valuable animals.

The increase of the beaver population increases the wild life of the Adirondacks generally, woodsmen here say. They build the dams that set back the water, storing it for the dry midsummer season, and help control the spring floods; provide better pools for trout to lurk in and make inaccessible any pools that fishermen can not reach and where game fish are given a better chance to multiply, permit breeding grounds for wild fowl in the backsets made by the dams, and in various other ways add and conserve the water of the wilderness.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

STEER ON RAMPAGE

Marksmen from an infantry company stationed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were summoned lately to kill a steer that terrorized a district in Brighton for an hour and a half. It had escaped from the abattoir, swam across the Charles River and invaded a playground where many children were playing. Sergt. James Stevenson ended the beast's career with a single shot between the eyes.

CHASE AFTER STRAY DEER

Somewhere in the woods close to Georgetown, Del., there is a live deer at large, while all the sporting blood of the town is out with dogs trying to capture the animal. Where the deer came from or how it got here is a mystery, but was seen early last evening by several persons as it bounded across the Du Pont Boulevard, jumped a wire fence at the farm of Edgar Short and plunged into the dense brambles. There have been no deer in this section for years.

FARMS DECREASE IN SIZE

Township assessors in Gibson County, Ind., declare that farms are decreasing in size but increasing in number. The big farms of twenty-five years ago

are almost a thing of the past. The largest single body of farmland in the county is in Wabash Township and contains 521 acres. The small farms are in the majority and in many instances three times as valuable as the big farms of former days. The demand for small farms of forty to fifty acres is increasing. Small farms as a rule are cultivated more thoroughly and made to produce larger yields.

GOT TUB FULL OF RATS

J. C. Boyd, a Nebraska farmer, had a corncrib that was alive with rats. The other day he backed his tractor up to it, turned on the exhaust and gave them a gas barage equal to any put on in the war. Few rats got out of the crib alive, and those that did were so weak the dogs had no trouble in gathering them up. The result was a tub full of dead rats. Two years ago prairie dogs took the farm of a Western Kansas man near Hill City. He conceived the idea of attaching a two-inch hose to the exhaust of his flivver and connecting the other end with the burrows, and this ended the argument. The fact is referred to here merely to show that as usual as Kansas was first to get onto the scheme.

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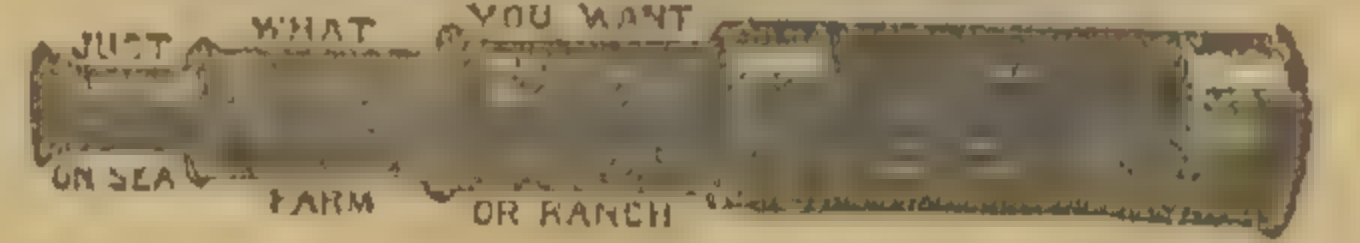


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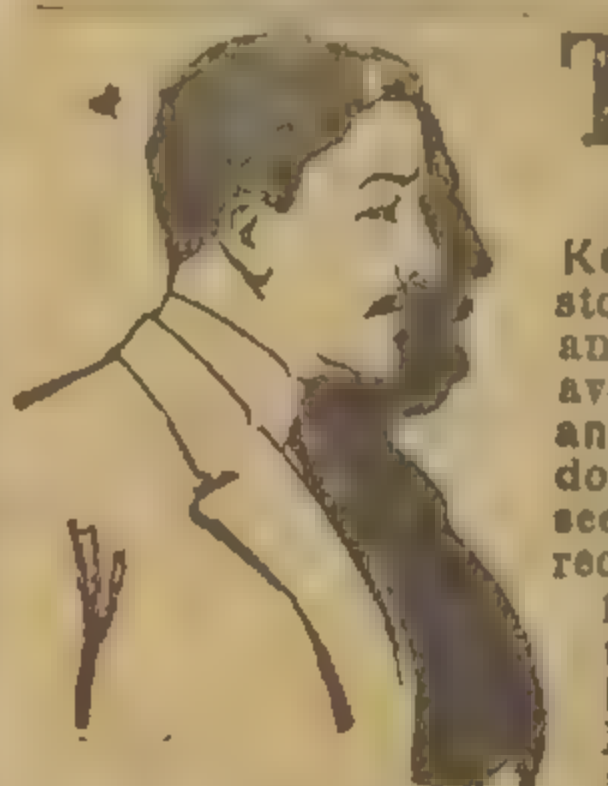
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ELECTRICITY made simple, 233 pages, 108 illustrations, \$1 each prepaid, or send for circulars. Satisfaction guaranteed. M. E. Kraybill, Jr., Boiling Springs, Pa.
WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

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AGENTS, make big profits, selling our extracts, perfumes, cold creams, face powders, spices, medicines, etc.; beautiful high-grade line; exclusive territory; sample snap free. Lacassian Co., Dept. 259, St. Louis, Mo.

\$60 WEEKLY. Newest seller creating sensation. Exclusive territory. G. A. H. Co., 1111 Broadway, New York City. Specialty Co., Dept. 1, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIBER BROOMS outwear 5 corn brooms; guaranteed one year. Agents wanted; women, men. Working sample. \$1.25, postpaid. Keystone Fiber Broom Company, 620 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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ORIENTAL DANCER; she does real Salome wiggle, sealed 25 cts. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

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STAMPS, 50 VARIETIES, Transvaal, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, etc., and Album 10 cts. 1,000 mixed 40 cts. 60 different U. S. 25 cts. 1,000 hinges 10 cts. List free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5937 Cote Brilliante, St. Louis, Mo.

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DETECTIVES AND INVESTIGATORS make large incomes. Excellent opportunities to travel. Be your own boss. Short hours. We instruct you at a nominal cost. Particulars free. Write American School of Criminology, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

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DO YOU KNOW someone who has the drink habit? Would you like to see him freed of it so that he will be a noble, upright, healthy, good-hearted, prosperous, steady man? If so write for confidential information to Edw. J. Woods DF-601, Station F, New York, N. Y.

KOROLAX. Regulates bowels; overcomes constipation, helps reduce superfluous fat. Aids in improving your health, figure and complexion. Box, postpaid, for 9 three-ct. stamps. Korein Co., ND-601, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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FOR SALE, pet dogs of all varieties. Stamp for list. Shadydel Kennels, York, Pa.

SILK REMNANTS. Largest packages yet offered. Square of stamped satin free with every package. 12 cts. Mfgs. Agency, Portland, Me.

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\$18 TO \$36 WEEKLY in your spare time doing special advertising work among the families of your city. No experience necessary. Write to-day for full particulars. American Products Co., 1392 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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HAPPY CHILDHOOD DAYS.—New song, just out. Catchy melody, 11 cts., prepaid. Albert Price, care General Delivery, Toledo, Ohio.

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Would you like to add several pounds of healthy flesh? Do you long for the joys of tranquillity and robust health? Do you wish to add to your efficiency—to become able to do better work, thereby increasing your earning power?

Here's a prescription: Avena sativa, a highly concentrated extract of the most powerful nutritive principle of oats; phosphorus, the renowned nutritive nerve stimulant; aux vomica, the widely recognized stimulant tonic; muira puama, a strong vitalizing root extract. These ingredients should improve the appetite and aid in the development of health, flesh and muscle when taken in properly prepared form in connection with special simple directions.

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For underweight, lack of development, general weakness, brain fog, exhaustion due to overwork or excesses; to combat bad effects of smoking or chewing or snuff using; for nervousness, spells of depression, after effects of long strain upon the nerves or organs of the body, paleness, for overcoming the depressing effects of secret bad habits, for timidity, feelings of fear, lack of good blood, enervation and numerous other forms of weakness, try Woods Vigor Tablets.

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Stop Snuffling!

Sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. Why do you have catarrh anyway? You were not born with catarrh—you contracted it. This offensive, unwholesome, disagreeable complaint fastened itself upon you and grew. Nature in trying to prevent more serious consequences due to the congestion in your head, finds an outlet for the accumulated waste, by way of catarrh. You cannot get rid of it the way you are going—by sneezing, hawking, spitting, or coughing. You must get it out of your system. Let me show you how by my method of health building, body developing, called

Build Yourself Up

Be Clean—Wholesome—Healthy—Virtue. Do it the right way—Nature's way; no drugs, no medicines, and you banish catarrh from your system. Let me show you how by my method of health building, body developing, called

STRONGFORTISM

Its result is never fails—it builds new tissue, purifies blood and organs, strengthens heart action, strengthens kidneys and makes the bowels move by their own natural strength. It moves every organ in your body pulse to pulse. Under this kind of influence, you can never get a cold, a cough, a headache, a sore throat, a cold, a fever, a pain, a nervousness, palpitation, rupture, rheumatism, weak heart, indigestion, physical weakness, vital losses, short wind and all sorts of kinds of ailments and disorders.

If you are too stout or too thin, flat chested, or round shouldered, Strongfortism will alter it. It will make you grow in vigor and keep you in a vigorous state. No matter what your condition is now, or what habits you contracted or indulged in—I will make you a new man. You want to be strong, healthy, virile, and a winner. Let me show you how by my method of health building, body developing, called

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I am going to give this regular, gasoline propelled, motor driven automobile to some boy or girl just for spending a little spare time helping neighbors and friends. Runs 25 miles per hour; has two people; especially built and designed for boys and girls. It looks like a \$2000.00 racing automobile. It is up-to-date wire wheels; non-skid tires; powerful gasoline engine; runs 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline. I will take you quickly and safely everywhere. I also give dozens of other prizes. Hurry—write quick—at once and I will send you my easy plan for earning this \$300.00 automobile and other grand prizes.

Don't send any money but rush your Name and Address quick

CY SEYMOUR AUTO CO.

Dept. 403 E. 14th St. Chicago, Ill.

Wonderful Victory Over Baldness

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at the age of 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce the wonderful kotalko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever,

excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.

The Secret Now Revealed

Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce Kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that Kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply Kotalko, according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

Recipe Given Free

The recipe I shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BG-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.

A CLEAR SKIN

Eczema, Acne, Pimples, Eruptions, Blemishes, Blotches, Blackheads, etc., absolutely banished in 5 to 10 days. Write for folder 2. It reveals what skin comfort and greater happiness there really is for you.

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Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case. A. C. LIEPE, 1457 Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

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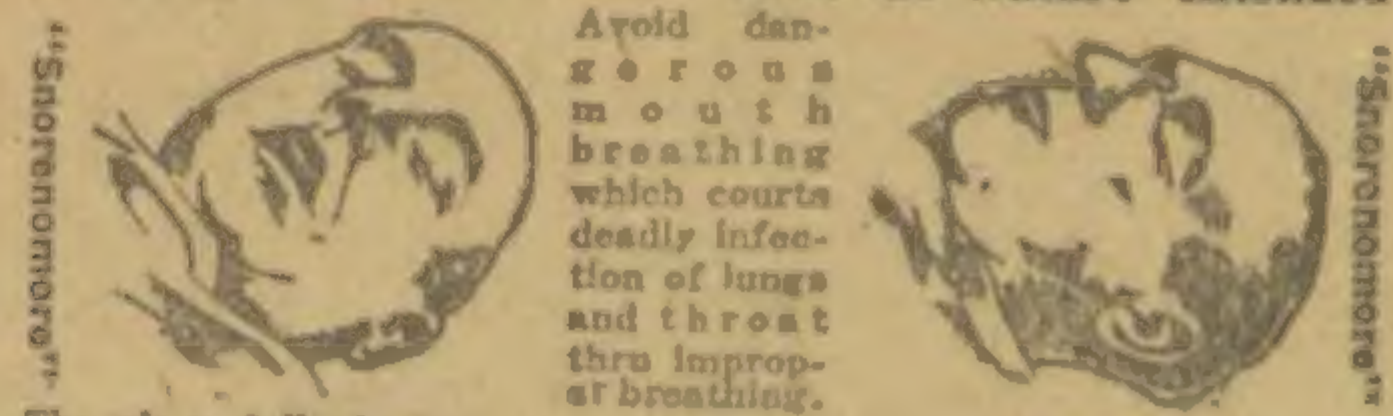
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Although tobacco does not seem to do any harm to some, many are injured by smoking or chewing. One serious form is amaurosis, a nervous blindness. Heart failure, cancer, nervous breakdowns, etc., are attributed to tobacco. A book telling how to overcome the addiction of smoking, chewing or snuff using, easily and quickly, will be mailed free by the author, Edward J. Woods, TE-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

LEARN HOW TO BREATHE-RITE FOR HEALTH! SHUT YOUR MOUTH! Breathe Through Your Nose as Nature Intended



The air is full of virulent germs, mouth breathers inhale them and are in constant peril. Wear without Best Supply Houses Have Them. Booklet Free. Price \$2.00 BREATHE-RITE CO., Dept. K, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Cured His Rheumatism!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 534-C Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

Acid-Stomach Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 70 non-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloating, sour, gassy stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected, every vital organ suffering in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from stomach trouble or, even if you do not feel any stomach distress, yet are weak and ailing, feel tired and dragged out, lack "pep" and enthusiasm and know that something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from pains of indigestion, belching, gassy bloating, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and sweet. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality come back! Get a big 50c box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to please you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

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687 Fred, the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.
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689 The Lure of Gold; or, The Treasure of Coffin Rock.
690 Money Maker Mack; or, The Boy Who Smashed a Wall Street "Ring."
691 Missing for a Year; or, Making a Fortune In Diamonds.
692 Phil, the Plunger; or, A Nervy Boy's Game of Chance.
693 Samson, the Boy Blacksmith; or, From the Anvil to Fortune.
694 Bob's Big Risk; or, The Chance That Came But Once.
695 Stranded in the Gold Fields; or, The Treasure of Van Diemen's Land.
696 "Old Mystery," the Broker; or, Playing a Daring Game.
697 Capital, One Dime; or, Boring His Way to Fortune.
698 Up Against a Hot Game; or, Two College Chums in Wall Street.
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- 702 The Way to Make Money; or, Taking Chances in Wall Street.
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704 The Stock-Exchange Boys; or, The Young Speculators of Wall Street.
705 Seven Bags of Gold; or, How a Plucky Boy Got Rich.
706 Dick, the Wall Street Walf; or, From Newsboy to Stock Broker.
707 Adrift on the Orinoco; or, The Treasure of the Desert.
708 Silent Sam of Wall Street; or, A Wonderful Run of Luck.
709 Always on the Move; or, The Luck of Messenger 99.
710 Happy Go Lucky Jack; or, The Boy Who Fooled the Wall Street Brokers.
711 Learning a Trade; or, On the Road to Fortune.
712 Buying on Margin; or, The Boy Who Won the Money.
713 Joe Darcy's Treasure Hunt; or, The Secret of the Island Cave.
714 A "Live" Boy; or, Quick to Get the Dollars.
715 A Barrel of Coin; or, The Luck of a Boy Trader.
716 Driven to the Wall; or, The Nerve of a Wall Street Boy.
717 Johnny the Parcel Boy; or, The Lad Who Saved the Firm.
718 Going the Limit; or, A Big Risk for Big Money.
719 Up to Him; or, Running His Father's Business.
720 "Back-Number Bixby"; or, The Boy Who Was Up-to-the-Minute.
721 A Young Barnum; or, Striking It Rich In the Show Business.

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